

1894

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

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PETER FENELON COLLIER.

No. 523 West 34th Street, New York.

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The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

Didn't I tell you so?

I DON'T like boasting, but really you know it is a fact that—

SOME months ago ONCE A WEEK predicted that Levi P. Morton would be the Republican nominee for Governor of the Empire State, and in last week's issue his portrait occupied the front page as that of the man "who may be our next Governor."

WELL, at the present moment the prospects are that Levi P. Morton will easily win, unless the Democrats nominate some man of greater popular strength than any one who has yet been mentioned. Roswell P. Flower, who made a very acceptable Governor, has announced that he will not permit his name to go before the Convention. Here is what he is reported to have said:

"I am convinced that my nomination, if it should be accorded to me by the Convention, would not be so likely to command the full vote of the party as would the nomination of some other Democrat, and I am too desirous of Democratic success to stand in its way. This is an important year for the party. Republican victory in November would be likely to mean a perpetuation of Republican control for many years in this State and Republican success in the nation in 1896. Our ticket must have the earnest, aggressive support of every Democrat to insure Democratic victory, and that man should be nominated for Governor who can certainly command that support."

It is the importance of the coming election in this State, in so far as it may affect the next Presidential contest, that induces ONCE A WEEK to give so much prominence to Morton's nomination. Flower recognizes the gravity of the situation, and, it must be added, that his withdrawal is an admission that he would stand little chance of election against Mr. Morton. Who, then, will be the choice of the Democratic Convention? Who would be more likely to call out the full party vote, and perhaps win over some doubting Republicans? It is not an easy question to answer. So far but two new names have been mentioned—that of Daniel Lockwood of Buffalo and that of John Boyd Thacher of Albany. Neither seems to carry enough weight to overcome the imposing personality and well recognized ability and fitness of the ex-Vice-President.

It is a matter of history that when the late General Garfield was nominated for President the second place on the ticket was offered to Mr. Morton, who, under the advice of Roscoe Conkling, declined the honor. Whether Conkling's advice was prompted by a belief that Garfield would not be elected, or by wounded pride at the failure of his own candidacy for first place, no one seems to know. But the fact remains that had Morton not been overpersuaded by Conkling's dominant will he would have entered the White House instead of poor Chester A. Arthur, when Guiteau's pistol cut short the career of James A. Garfield. It would be only in the

nature of compensation for lost opportunity should Morton become Governor by one of those occasional tidal popular waves peculiar to New York, and thus be in a position to command the nomination for the Presidency. Some say he will be too old when the time comes; but, though Morton's years are many, his strength and intellect show no signs of decay. The first Harrison was sixty-eight when he was inaugurated, and had he lived, would have been seventy-two at the end of his full term. After all, a man is always as old as he feels, be his years what they may.

LI HUNG CHANG has been deprived of his three-eyed peacock feather, because of the disastrous loss of the Chinese at Ping Yang. Perhaps it is just as well—the feather was a signal failure as a mascot.

AN old and much respected reader of ONCE A WEEK apologized to the editor lately for what he evidently considered an act of presumption in calling attention to some typographical errors in one of the premium books, at the same time making some valuable suggestions. ONCE A WEEK avails itself of this occasion to say to every one of its readers that it will always welcome advice and suggestions. The editor who thinks he knows everything, and that he is therefore above accepting hints and suggestions from readers, is unworthy of his position. The elder Bennett would have characterized such an editor as "too big for his breeches." The editor of ONCE A WEEK wears loose-fitting trousers. Any hints or suggestions from subscribers or transient readers will be received with pleasure and given respectful consideration. Nay, more, when such hints and suggestions are considered valuable by the editor they will be paid for cheerfully. So send along your suggestions, and have no fear of giving offense. Tell the editor frankly how you think the paper might be improved, what new features you think would be acceptable, and don't be afraid to criticize freely.

MORTON, Saxton and Haight. Have you noticed the coincidence of six letters in each name?

ONE of the chief beauties of the lower Hudson is its grand cliffs, called the Palisades, because Nature seems to have planted them there as a formidable fortification. Visitors to New York have always been delighted with the view of these natural bulwarks. But now the all-destroying contractor is blasting the old rocks and robbing old Father Hudson of his crown of glory. Such destructive works should not be tolerated. The Government of New Jersey ought to purchase the river front the entire length of the Palisades and thus preserve them for all time.

ONE of the most curious developments of the expiring years of this century is the astounding revival of interest in the occult sciences, and especially in the long slumbering and almost forgotten Astrology. Indeed, it was supposed to have been dead for over two hundred years when William Lilly made his astonishing predictions of the great Fire and Plague which took place in London in 1665 and 1666. After his death Astrology lay dormant, with no important practitioners; and, whereas it had been before the trusted prophet of kings and potentates, it became a decried and obsolete relic of the past, mentioned in encyclopedias, only as a subject of scorn and villification.

TWENTY years ago the subject was never referred to in the public press, and was thought no more of by the general public than the possession of a child's "caul," or the fact of being the "seventh son of a seventh son." He would then have been considered a madman, who had ventured to predict that in the last decade of the nineteenth century Astrology would awake from what would prove to have been only the long slumber of a giant, who should arise and begin again to exercise power in the world, as though "refreshed with new wine."

A RECENT article published in so advanced a periodical as the *Arena*, while showing that the subject is entering magazine literature, also furnishes a somewhat remarkable instance of its application to the political affairs of this country. The *Arena* article was written a year ago, one copy being deposited in the office of that periodical and a second being placed in safe charge in Washington. It predicted the characteristics and results of the Cleveland Administration; and the reader, a year later, cannot but be amazed at the accuracy of its prophecies thus far, though it would have been more satisfactory to have produced them when first made.

ASTROLOGY has also been employed in the prognostication of earthquakes, cyclones, and devastating ocean storms, in ONCE A WEEK and in other progressive journals, with results that have been of the most astounding character, as to the accuracy of the predictions of the dates and places of these perturbations. And in the case of those who have consulted the stars concerning their own lives, the results have been no less remarkable. Now it is with many a mooted question whether all these surprising effects are actually the result of the movements and relations of the planets

or of the clairvoyant and mind-reading powers of the artist. As to this, however, it may be said that in the matter of Astrology, anybody of fair intelligence can learn to cast a nativity, and read thereupon with a certain degree of success; which fact would seem to place the art outside of palmistry, mind-reading, or augury by cards, or any other symbolic means. But be all this as it may, the point to be impressed on the reader in the present writing is the unexpected and unparalleled intellectual uprising—which has, in this day and generation, taken the form of a return to belief in the old Ptolemaic theory of the action of the planets and the zodiacal signs on the lives of men.

FOR it has taken hold in every part of the world. In England and her Colonies there was never a time when so many practices, and so many others accepted, Astrology. In London, not only is there a well-supported *Astrological Journal*, but the old Zadkiel's and Raphael's *Astrological Almanacs* have sprung into a circulation which now amounts annually to hundreds of thousands. Prognostications for the year and for the current month are regularly made, and these prove more often very closely accurate than not. But why should all this occur just at this period, after there having been such absolute quietude concerning the whole subject for more than two hundred years? An English Astrologer, writing in 1890, laid the uprising in favor of his art to the influence of Herschel in the occult sign Scorpio; as follows: "Now Herschel will shortly enter the mystic sign Scorpio, where he is said to have great power; and while he is progressing through this sign, I anticipate that scientific men will be largely influenced and drawn toward the occult sciences. . . . and I am convinced that the day is not far distant when we shall have our thinking men admitting the truth of the 'science of the stars.'" Herschel entered Scorpio January 6, 1891; and certainly this writer's opinion has been fully borne out since that time.

THE deep interest felt in the subject of Astrology as it is now being treated in the *Astrological Department* of ONCE A WEEK, has been shown by the numbers of requests for nativities, and letters on the subject, that have been received. In fact, so unexpectedly numerous have been the applications that the original announcement made in these columns about horoscopes had to be modified, limiting the promise of published charts to such readers as enclosed the price demanded by the Astrologer. Otherwise space could not be found for all who would seek their fates from the stars.

IN making these comments about Astrology it must be distinctly understood by readers that ONCE A WEEK does not commit itself to an endorsement of Astrology. Belief in such a science is a matter for each individual, and ONCE A WEEK leaves it to all its readers either to accept or reject Astrology, as they may deem best on mature reflection.

COLORADO women are availing themselves of their political privilege. They are taking an active interest in the campaign, and each of the old party has placed a woman on their ticket for superintendent of public instruction.

HAVE you noticed a slight tipping of the American continent? Chauncey M. Depew has returned from the other side.

IT is not generally known that George Du Maurier is an American. He is a New Yorker by birth, and lived in Union Square until his twelfth year, when he went to Paris, where his education was begun in the famous Quartier Latin. Subsequently he settled in London, and first achieved fame by his original pictures in *Punch*.

"I GAINED five pounds during my stay in England," said Augustin Daly to a New York friend the other day. "Is that all? We all thought you had made more than that out of the English."

THE women advocates of political equality are nothing daunted by their recent defeat at Albany. They will take an active part in the fall campaign, headed by such leaders as Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf, Mrs. H. Seymour Howells, Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake and Mrs. Martha R. Almy. They will support those legislative nominees who favor woman suffrage, irrespective of politics. They will undoubtedly make their presence felt, and will court results in the next Legislature.

THE Ohio Democratic State Convention declared unequivocally for free silver last week. This is a victory of no mean pretensions for the advocates of the white metal.

IF readers of ONCE A WEEK will refer back to the issue of October 28, 1893, they will find that, speaking of Paul Bourget's visit to the United States, I suggested that the brilliant French novelist was here to study some of "our own human mosaics" for use in a contem-

plated work on our national idiosyncrasies. Sure enough he is out with a book called "Ostre Mer; or, the New World Seen Through French Eyes," a translation of which is to be published in this country. Now let us wait patiently for the picture reflected from those French eyes. If the picture shows Chicago in a naughty light—my, won't there be a storm on Lake Michigan!

O. VINCENT COFFIN is the name of the Republican nominee for Governor of Connecticut. Unfortunate name; too suggestive of burials for a lively campaign.

No one has hitherto suspected Edwin Gould's penchant for match-making. There is sufficient proof, however, that it exists. He has recently assumed the presidency of a concern that expects to turn out twenty-five million matches a day.

ANOTHER quarter has been chipped off the mile trotting record, and Nancy Hanks has ceased to reign as queen of the turf. Her successor, the wonderful little mare, Alix, lowered the world's record to 2:3 3/4, at Galesburg, Ill.

MME. VIRGINIE DEMONT-BRETON, a daughter of the distinguished French artist, Jules Breton, herself an artist of high standing and the wife of an artist, has recently had bestowed upon her the Cross of the Legion of Honor, a distinction shared only by one other woman—Rosa Bonheur. Mme. Demont-Breton is a painter of landscapes and marine studies, doing most of her outdoor work on the cliffs at Calais and Boulogne. She has several times been a successful exhibitor at the Paris Salon.

FOOTBALL kickers are already practicing for the great games to be played about Thanksgiving Day. They have been at it hard for the past week.

AT last it looks as if the closely confined, ill-treated animals at the Central Park Zoo are to receive some relief. It can't come too quickly.

A BAND of hoodlums two hundred strong marched down Sixth Avenue about ten o'clock one night last week, openly assaulting a score of citizens between Eleventh and Thirteenth Streets, and snatching their watches, jewelry and pocketbooks. The police appeared on the scene ten minutes later. Comment is unnecessary. A few evenings later a similar scene was enacted on Fifth Avenue. No arrests were made and the boldness of the New York highwaymen naturally increased. Two score of them, presumably members of the same band, robbed a dozen pedestrians between Nineteenth and Twenty-third Streets, and Seventh and Tenth Avenues, before twelve o'clock the following night. Then, emboldened by success, they marched down Hudson Street and waylaid an open surface car at the corner of Bank Street. Two of them held the horses' bridles in orthodox bandit style and the remainder went through the car and relieved the panic-stricken passengers of their watches and pocketbooks. The cries of the victims finally attracted a policeman, who chased the miscreants and captured one of them.

THE conversion of five hundred Louisiana sugar planters to the Republican party is a novel feature of the fall campaign. It is business pure and simple with the Bourbon patriots.

THERE can be little doubt that Korea would gain by Japanese domination. With ample resources to support a hundred times her population, the Hermit Kingdom has been a veritable land of misery for her people under the old regime.

THE younger Tolstoi is following in the footsteps of Count Leo. A translation of one of his short stories recently appeared in the *Revue Bleue*.

EDNA LYALL has dedicated her last novel, "Doreen," to Mr. Gladstone.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT lies in a neglected grave with only a common black cross to mark his burial-place. A subscription has been opened for a monument to the great writer, but responses are few, and it seems likely that interest in the matter will die out before the desired result is accomplished.

THE defeat of the notorious W. C. P. Breckinridge for Congressional renomination in Kentucky is of more than passing importance and points a moral that public men will do well to heed. It was a distinct triumph of virtue over vice, and emphasized anew the truism that "honesty is the best policy." The younger element of the Breckinridge forces could not accept defeat gracefully. Desha Breckinridge and Matthew Lane have been parading Lexington grossly insulting Owen's supporters, and the first-named finally "vindicated the honor" of his family by stabbing his old-time friend, James Duane Livingstone, who had dared to ally himself with the opposing faction.

THE baseball season is so near its close that there can be no further changes in the relative positions of the clubs. The long lead of the Orioles will be rewarded

with the pennant and the Giants will have second place. Ever since winning second place from the Boston Club early in the month, the New Yorkers have had a hard struggle to keep it, and deserve much credit therefor. Now that the end has come, it is none too early to urge a general shaking up of the poorer teams for next year. It spoils sport to have weaklings like the Louisvilles and Washingtonians pitted against the Baltimoreans, the Giants or Bostonese.

THE 15th of September will long be a red-letter day in the calendar of Japan. Her victory over the Chinese at Ping Yang on that date was the most signal of the war, and plainly marks the beginning of the end. On the very day of the great battle, but long before the western world had any intimation of it, the following prediction appeared in these columns: "It would not be surprising to find Japan carrying the war into China itself, if diplomacy does not step in soon and arrange the difficulty." Diplomacy held aloof, and the prophecy was fulfilled. The aggressive Japs have shifted the seat of war to Chinese soil, and fight now in the enemy's country.

IN the beginning of the conflict the apparent advantage was with the Celestials. Their financial resources were practically unlimited, their numerical strength many times greater, and they could march their troops into Korea, while the Japs were forced to the employment of transports. Yet the real advantage has been from the very first with those Island people whom the short-sighted Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, is said to have declared were not men, but only educated monkeys. It was a narrow view of their adaptation of Western ideas, a cruel fling at their short stature.

THE truth is that the Japanese—the "Americans of the East," as they style themselves—are the superior nation. They are not only more patriotic and progressive, but they are braver. Their troops are better drilled, their ships better manned, and both better officered than those of China. They are freer; they have their House of Representatives; the cause of Japan is the cause of every Japanese. It is the fight of a free people against slaves, of progress against retrogression, and of good against evil—for Korea is the apple of discord, and there is no doubt that the fruit will be sweetened by Japanese care. The spirits of Progress and Liberty are those that guide the intrepid soldiers and sailors of Japan. History does not write itself backward, and the real advantage is here.

THE progressive spirit of the Japanese is not confined to the ranks of its army and navy. Much attention is given to scientific research, and the bacteriological observations of the plague recently made at Hong Kong by Dr. S. Kitasato are not without interest. He has proved the credibility of a statement of Daniel Defoe's, that during the Plague in London innumerable rats and mice emerged from their holes and dropped dead. This statement was generally taken by the medical world with a liberal allowance of salt, and where it was believed at all it was regarded as a result of some miasmatic fever accompanying the plague. Dr. Kitasato gathered up dust from the floors of the infected houses, and administered it to rats and mice. In nearly every case the result was fatal. The Japanese scientist has exploded the theory of miasmatic fever and established that of the plague bacilli.

THE Geological Survey Department at Ottawa will shortly publish a report of the important discoveries made by Mr. A. P. Lowe, during a sixteen months' exploration tour just completed, in the northern part of Labrador. Since May, 1893, Mr. Lowe and his party have been engaged in the difficult and dangerous work of surveying the hitherto unexplored regions of the bleak northern peninsula, which for the greater part of the year is wrapped in the desolation of snow and ice. The most valuable and interesting facts ascertained by these hardy explorers are that a vast area of the unknown country shows a rich iron-bearing formation, that a new lake discovered by them is even larger than the Grande Lac Mistassini, and that the falls of the Hamilton River are the largest in America. The costly stone called Labradorite exists in large quantities; beautiful specimens have been brought back by Mr. Lowe. Several smaller lakes have also been discovered by him, all stocked with an abundance of fish. The resources of the peninsula are greatly in excess of the expectations of the Government, and if developed, will in due time prove a source of great wealth to the country.

How different are the effects of coffee on different constitutions! For migraine, or nervous headache there is nothing better than coffee plain—that is, without milk or sugar; though a squeeze of lime or lemon juice is said to increase the efficiency in some cases. On the other hand, coffee is known to cause many disorders of the head and stomach, and to produce the strangest irritability under certain conditions. "Some weeks before his death," states the *Pacific Medical Journal*, "the late Professor Charcot was in attendance upon a family composed of the father, mother and six children, who had become the victims of an uncontrollable mental irritability upon the least provocation. Hardly a meal passed at the family board without an explosion. Upon

the least pretext the father became furious, the mother scolded, and the children would give way to hysterical crying. The family were all hypochondriacal. The strangest part of the history consisted in the fact that domestics employed and residing in the family would soon partake of the general cachexia and join in the pandemonium. In the Middle Ages, this house would have been considered haunted, and somebody would have been burned, or hung and quartered as having enchanted the premises. This was the nineteenth century, however, and as demons, goblins, fairies and vampires are no longer the fact, Charcot looked into the hygiene of the locality for a solution of the difficulties. On investigation he found that the father was a manufacturer and a dealer in coffee; the roasting, grinding and packing, as well as the manufacturing of the essence and of the extract of coffee, being carried on in the lower floors of the premises. In the apartments above the odor of coffee permeated every nook; the furniture and clothing smelt strongly of coffee. The inmates were suffering from chronic coffeeism. A few weeks' residence in the purer air of the seashore and change of habitation soon brought about a change for the better."

THERE are some strange coincidences in our national history. In the ages of three early Presidents—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison—there was a regular sequence, each being eight years older than his successor. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams were all inaugurated in their fifty-eighth year, and, with the exception of the last-named, closed their terms of office in their sixty-sixth year. Four of the first six—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—were born in Virginia, and the two Adamses in Massachusetts. There were two Jameses and two Johns among them. The strangest coincidence of all was in connection with the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson. They died within two hours of each other on Independence Day, 1826, exactly fifty years after the birth of the American Republic.

No more remarkable admission by opponents of a candidate's strength has ever been given than that implied in the extraordinary solicitude of all the Democratic managers to select some man as their party's nominee for Governor who will have some chance in the race with Levi P. Morton. Up to the hour of going to press the astute managers had not agreed upon a choice. Against almost every name suggested, some strong objections were urged. Judge Gaynor of Brooklyn, and William C. Whitney and Andrew H. Green of New York were the three around whom the strongest sentiment of the party seemed to centre. But in Gaynor's case, it is urged he would have to resign from the Bench if nominated. Of the three it seems to me that Andrew H. Green is the man who would command the greatest respect and prove the most formidable antagonist to Morton. He has always been a practical reformer, and the consistent foe of rings and bosses. Should he be nominated and elected, there would be such a shaking up among the city, State and national rascals as has not been seen since the days of Samuel J. Tilden. Green would receive the most cunning opposition from the bosses and schemers, but the honest voters in every part of the State would stand by him. On the other hand, Whitney would get the hearty support of all the machines, but before election day his record would be so thoroughly raked up that even his staunchest supporter, the *New York Times*, would be sorry. *Verbum sap.*

THESE repeated highway robberies on New York thoroughfares are a disgrace to the metropolis. It seems strange that organized bodies of bandits should be able to ply their nefarious trade almost under the noses of the police. The latter now have a prisoner through whom the detectives should be able to ferret out others of the band. The police should be held responsible for such attacks. The next time an outrage of the kind is perpetrated the police captain in whose district it occurs should be dismissed unless the guilty parties are arrested. If Superintendent Byrnes would adopt this plan, there would be a speedy falling off in highway robberies in New York.

OCTOBER cotton and December wheat have recently broken all past records, selling lower than ever before.

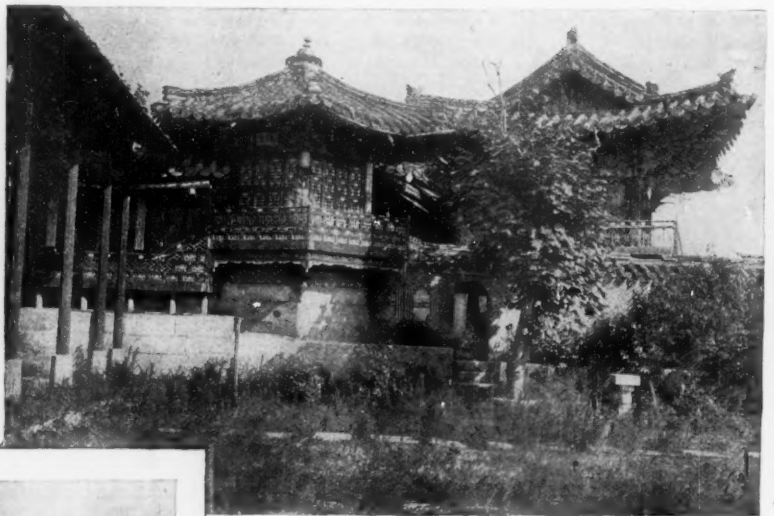
MAURICE JOKAI, the greatest literary light that Hungary has produced, attempted, in a fit of melancholy, to commit suicide last week. He was almost suffocated from charcoal fumes when rescued, and is still in a critical condition as this paper goes to press. One of his greatest and most recent novels, "Freedom Under the Snow," will be published in the ONCE A WEEK Library in the near future.

DR. RAFAEL NUNEZ, who recently died at Colon, Colombia, had a remarkable career, and was the great man of his country. He was Secretary of the Treasury when only thirty years old, and was serving his fourth Presidential term at the time of his death.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD has ordered the removal of Geronimo's band of Indian desperados from Columbus Barracks, Alabama, to Fort Sill, Indian Territory. The barracks are to be abandoned after October 1.



A BIT OF COREAN CITY WALL



THE QUEEN'S REFUGE



WALK AROUND THE PARAPET



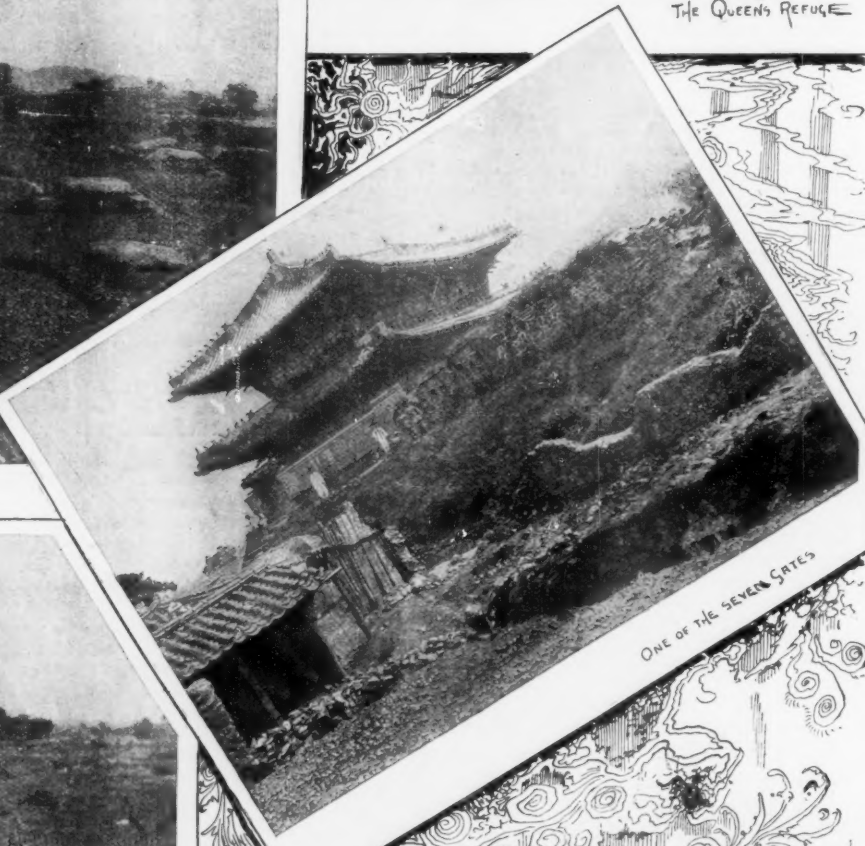
BROAD STREET LEADING TO THE PALACE



A BIT OF OLD PALACE GROUNDS



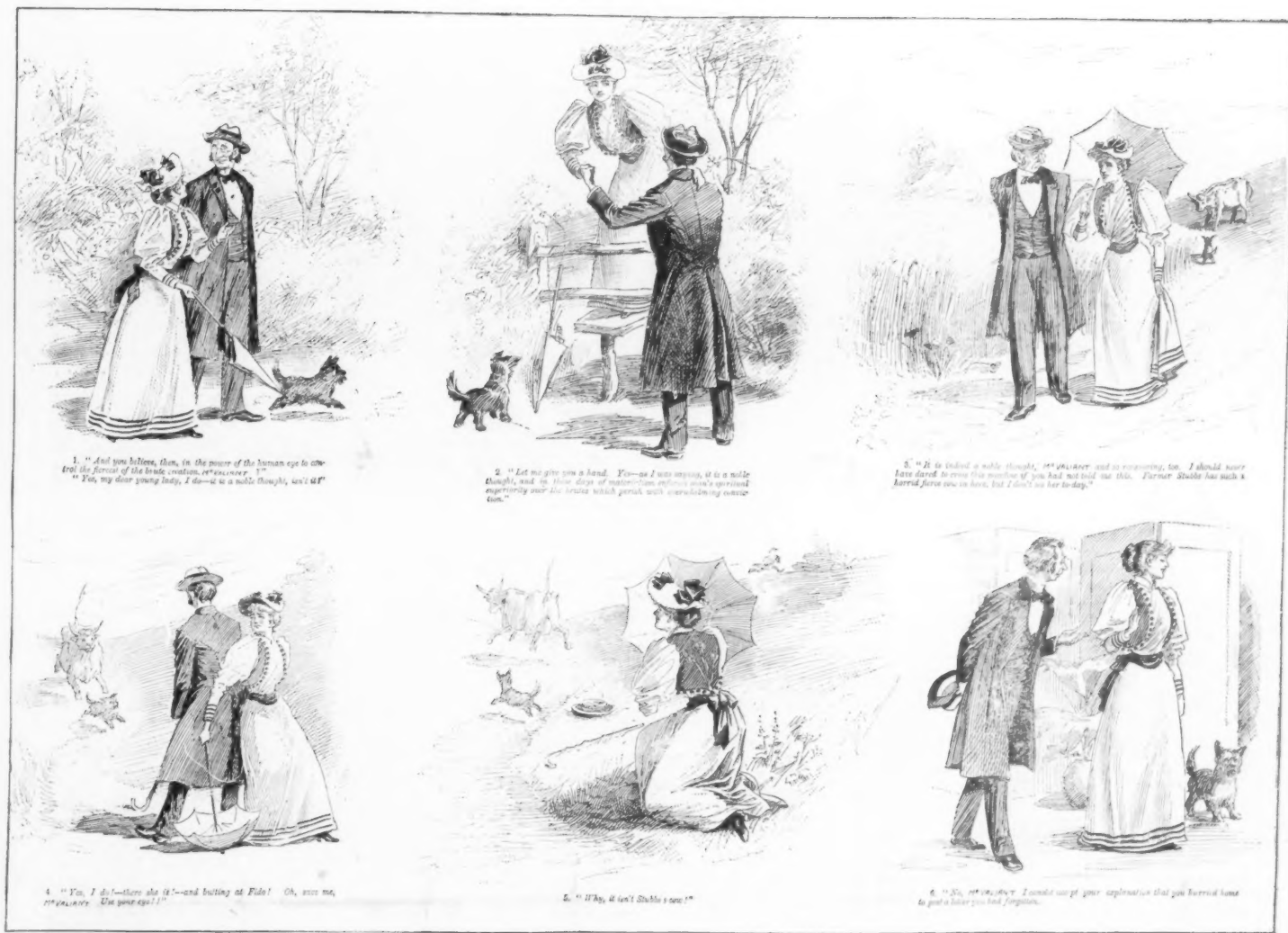
THE QUEEN'S SUMMER PALACE



ONE OF THE SEVEN SITES

VIEWS ABOUT SEOUL AND THE QUEEN'S SUMMER PALACE.

(See page 11.)



A WHITE WOMAN CHIEF.

By COUNTESS ANNIE DE MONTAIGU.

PERSONS not versed in the manners and customs of the Indians will no doubt be surprised to learn that a woman without a drop of Indian blood in her veins should be eligible for office; yet such is the case, the title of chief having been conferred on Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, of New York. This was done in recognition of her services in behalf of the united tribes called the Six Nations, whose reservations lie in New York State and Canada. The chieftainship is by no means a merely honorary dignity, but carries with it grave responsibilities.

Mrs. Converse has, for a number of years, labored indefatigably in the interests of the wards of the nation, one of her signal achievements being the defeat of

her chosen people that she has identified herself with their interests and desires to be known as one of them.

For many years Mrs. Converse has passed the summers in the Reservation, and when among the Indians conforms to their manners and customs, living a primitive, restful life in some far-away farmhouse.

When any important event is to take place, Ya-ie-wa-noh is dispatched for, the message being couched in a cabalistic sign language which she understands.

Feasts are celebrated at different times of the moon, the first being the Strawberry Feast in June. At these



BLACK HAWK.

the Whipple Bill, the object of which was to defraud the Indians of many of their rights. She is frequently obliged to search the records for almost forgotten treaties and land grants; she is besides the special providence of the impecunious wanderers who go off with shows and return bereft of money and a home. She advises as to the management of business and tribal affairs, and is an active partisan in all that concerns her adopted people.

The White Chief is known all over the country by her Indian name of Ya-ie-wa-noh (One Who Watches). She is a woman of aristocratic birth, cultured, intellectual and philanthropic. This love of the red man is an inherited trait. Mr. Maxwell, her father, having been, when a boy, adopted by the Senecas, among whom he dwelt for many years. Such is the lady's affection for



MRS. H. M. CONVERSE.

celebrations the men and women dance in a solemn and impressive manner, never indulging in frivolity or familiarity. The dance is peculiar, being a slow sort of shuffle; it is danced to the music of the tortoise rattles, which are made of the shells of turtles filled with pebbles, the dried heads and necks forming the handle.

During Mrs. Converse's last visit among her adopted people she was initiated into the mysteries of the Secret



ONE OF THE MATRONS WHO NOMINATE CHIEFS.

Medicine Society. This is the greatest honor that could be accorded any white person, and Mrs. Converse is the only white woman who has ever witnessed the weird ceremonial, which is, in fact, the famous Ghost Dance. Her description of the rite brings with it a reminiscence



RUTH STEVENSON.
The favorite stepdaughter of Red Jacket.

of the ancient Egyptian mysteries, where the neophyte was submitted to crucial tests before becoming an initiate. Only a woman with a brave heart would have been willing to remain all night in the silence and the darkness with the wise men of the tribe and two or three withered squaws to keep her company, the obscurity, now and then illumined by the fitful glare from the smoldering embers on the hearth, the silence unbroken save for the muffled tread of unshod feet keeping time to the monotonous music of the tortoise rattles, and the wind sighing through the pine trees. When the dancers are weary, they stop for a while and refresh themselves with copious draughts of strawberry juice, but liquor is never touched at such times.

When the sacred medicine was uncorked, weird phosphorescent gleams shot athwart the darkness, floating about like ignis fatui upon the heavy air. Not until the first streaks of dawn appeared was there any cessation of the strange ceremonies, and then the company silently dispersed to their homes.

When in New York the White Chief resides in an apartment filled with Indian relics; so that if perchance a delegation of red men stalk solemnly into the house they scarcely seem out of place amid the semi-barbaric surroundings. On the walls hang Indian portraits, one the picture of a beautiful Seneca girl, while, nearby, one beholds the massive Roman face of the warrior, Red Jacket, in his historic scarlet uniform, and with a silver medal blazing upon his breast. He is a noble type of his race, with his piercing eagle eyes, stalwart form and regular features.

Among the most prized articles is the pouch of Red Jacket, made of fine white doeskin wrought in an exquisite pattern in threads made of porcupine quills, the colors still undimmed by age; the design is remarkable for its symmetry and continuity, much resembling ancient Egyptian needlework. The larger pouch contained food for a journey, while in the smaller one was sheathed the keen blade of the warrior. The garters of the chief are religiously preserved and are of scarlet wool knitted in a geometrical pattern in chalk-white beads.

The collection of wampum belts, now impossible to procure, are particularly valuable, and mark important historic events. Mrs. Converse owns six of them, which were presented to her at different times in recognition of some signal service performed. These belts were offered as pledges of good faith by the Indians to the whites on the occasion of important treaties. The Louis XV. Pardon Belt was given by the Senecas to the French during the Indian wars, and is a most interesting relic. The French Government made an offer of several thousand dollars for it, but its owner refused to part with it. Each belt has its peculiar symbolism, traced on it in pictorial sign language, which only the wampum reader is able to decipher. This functionary presides on important occasions, such as the nomination of a chief, a mourning ceremony, etc. The belts are made of white and purple beads fashioned from mussel shells, each one as perfect as if manufactured by machinery; the art is a lost one. These beads are woven upon deerskin fiber, so strong that it has defied the sacrificial finger of time.

One of the rarest specimens is known as the "Woman's Nomination Belt," which was read out on the occasion of nominating a chief. In the old days the squaws possessed this privilege, so, after all, woman suffrage is no new thing.

The assortment of silver brooches is a remarkable one, Mrs. Converse owning over three hundred perfect specimens. Silver was known to the Indians as the virgin metal, and prized above all others. These ornaments are simple in form, most of them being of circular or triangular shape shining disks, stars and sunbursts. The conventional linked heart is an oft-repeated shape, and is the emblem of conjugal fidelity. The more recent ones are hammered out of English or French coins; the workmanship, while crude, is executed with some degree of skill. The masonic pin of Red Jacket is comprised in this collection.

Among other things are rude stone implements of warfare and the chase, gaudily embroidered leggings and buckskin coats, moccasins, scalp-ands, in fact, everything pertaining to the history of the aborigines. This is the most complete collection of Indian curiosities extant, and Mrs. Converse has received many tempting offers for it, all of which have been declined. They have been willed to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

The Six Nations, who claim Mrs. Converse as their chief, are now united. They live on farms, raising grain, fruit and dairy products; some of them make excellent farmers, while others do not seem imbued with the necessity of work. They are socialists, and if one of them has been either unfortunate or improvident, the others cheerfully share with him. They have their own schools and churches, and are divided in their religious views, many of them remaining pagans. The latter believe in a Great Spirit, but refuse to accept the doctrine of the atonement. The marriage laws of the unconverted are of primitive simplicity, the couple joining hands and agreeing to live together as long as they are happy; a quarrel divorces them, so that a Dakota residence is not necessary. As a rule disagreements are of rare occurrence and the unions are mostly happy.

Specimens of pure-blooded Indians are becoming rare, and are much sought after as artists' models. There are several in New York who earn a living in this way. The Indians are generally poor, and have not learned the art of money-getting.

The portraits are of splendid types of the Seneca tribe and adopted relatives of the White Chief. The Senecas have several tribal divisions, whose totem or sign is a bird or beast, such as the wolf, the bear, the snipe, etc. Ruth Stevenson was the niece of Red Jacket, a clear aunt of Mrs. Converse, and a snipe. The magnificent-looking young Indian is named Black Hawk, and is a cousin, and a wolf. The aged matron is a wolf, and one of the office holders who were empowered to nominate chiefs and make family laws. The portrait of Mrs. Converse offers a distinct contrast to those of her red-skinned relatives. It depicts an interesting type of woman, the countenance aglow with spirituality and kindly intelligence; it is a face that makes an instant impression and one not easily forgotten.

Mrs. Converse has the intention of collecting and publishing the poetic legends and proverbs of the Six Nations. This is, however, not such an easy matter as might be imagined, as the Indians guard them jealously and will only divulge them to a trusted friend. The hearing of them necessitates a winter journey, as the natives will only recount them beside the fireside, having a superstitious idea that if told in the open air the beasts and the birds will hear. At some not far distant time Ya-ie-wa-noh will make a special trip in order to listen to these interesting traditions.

At the present time she is traveling from tribe to tribe, and is a welcomed and honored guest among her people by adoption.



WITH bowed head the old chief sat watching a number of Indian canoes that were gliding across the smooth water, seeking cover before the darkness settled down upon them. His form, which in years gone by had been as straight as an arrow, but now was bent with age, was wrapped in a red blanket which was allowed to hang picturesquely from one shoulder while a withered hand grasped the folds in front to keep it from falling to the ground.

"Kla-how-ya, Peecheechee? Nika wake hyas klosche tum-tum?"

(How are you, Peecheechee? Are you down-hearted?) It was the voice of Eagle Eye which aroused the old chief from his long reverie. The old Indian looked up into the face of the questioner, his wrinkled face betraying signs of emotion, and he replied:

"Na-wit-ka. Nika wake hyas klosche. Nika tum-tum cultus." (You are right. I do not feel well. My heart bleeds.)

Eagle Eye was turning away when he was stopped by a raven-haired, dark-eyed girl, apparently several years younger than himself, who placed her hands upon his shoulder and asked:

"What's wrong with Peecheechee? He says he is sorrowful."

It was plain by the smile that played about the girl's mouth that the question was asked more as an excuse for being near Eagle Eye than from concern for the old Indian; but the handsome young brave did not take the query that way, for he answered:

"Come, Juanita; I'll tell you."

And the lovers turned toward the sloping green banks of the salt bay; selecting a nook in a canoe that was gently marking the restless swell of the waters, they settled down in quiet harmony with Nature's surroundings. The girl rested her nut-brown elbows on her lover's knee, looked up into his handsome, open countenance and was all attention.

"It was years ago, before either you or I were born," commenced Eagle Eye, allowing his eyes to drift over the surface of the water, which the sinking sun was tinting with all the prismatic colors of the rainbow. "Peecheechee was born of Warm Spring parents, and was the grandson of old Chief Wasco. Of course he lived with his people on the Columbia River. His age we cannot reckon, for some say he is more than a hundred, and he neither admits nor denies the many stories. My mother was a Warm Spring, and from her I learned the story of Peecheechee's sorrow."

"As a young man Peecheechee was strong and fleet of foot, and for his cunning and daring while on the hunt he was noted among the whole tribe above all others. Naturally he had many lovers; every girl in the tribe sought his smile and good graces; but he would not yield to his father's advice and take unto himself a wife. The younger daughter of Chief Wasco, Youlth See-aw-ist, so named because she was young and beautiful, loved Peecheechee better than her life, and everywhere he went she would follow, hoping by showing her love to win him. In the hunting fields she would cross his path, and even in his own wigwam he was not in private, for she would seek him. In desperation she communed secretly with the sun god, and before him she laid her cares and asked advice. The sun god took an interest in Youlth See-aw-ist and gave her all the power he himself possessed."

"Again did Youlth See-aw-ist appear before her lover, but he was as heartless as stone. So persistent was she in her pleadings that one day he fled from his people and crossed the Columbia. From Chief Hwah Hun-kih, at Celilo, Youlth See-aw-ist learned that Peecheechee had crossed the river from that place, and fearful that she would never find him again, she gave way to tears. In pity the sun god concluded to aid her, and in a few seconds what was once the beautiful maiden became an immense rain cloud, which crossed the river and floated over the land until it caught up with Peecheechee, who was making all haste to be away. When the cloud was just above the runaway lover, the sun god struck it with his rod and immediately the cloud burst and flooded the valleys for forty days' walk around. As soon as the cloud burst Youlth See-aw-ist became immediately transformed into a maiden again and appeared in the lake. Peecheechee braved the waters and came to the surface in such an exhaustive condition that he was powerless to swim, and he would have drowned had not Youlth See-aw-ist grasped him in her arms and brought him safe to shore."

"When safe on land the maiden again pressed her suit, but Peecheechee was enraged, and, grasping her by her tender throat with his strong right hand, he demanded:

"You seek me still, and why? Have I not avoided you? Now you follow, and because you saved yourself from being my murderess you ask to be my queen. It never shall be!"

"And in the heat of anger Peecheechee stabbed the maiden to her heart and cast her body into the lake that she herself had formed."

"This action so grieved the sun god that he drew all the water from the lake until it formed into three smaller lakes, and between the larger two he placed Youlth See-aw-ist in a pleading position, with the wound in her side plain to all beholders; and he declared that as long as Peecheechee should live he should continually see the form of the wounded girl pleading before him."

"Then it was that he began to love her and to know how much he lost when he spurned the pleading maiden. He loves her now dearer than his own life, but his love is hopeless."

"Peecheechee fled from the place, but the apparition followed him. He came to the Sound many years ago, and he is happiest when drunk, for it is then only that his mind is free from the sight that will haunt him."

The story had just been finished when heavy footsteps were heard approaching. A form appeared through the gloom—it was Peecheechee. The old man advanced to where the lovers were seated. Unconscious of the nearness of Eagle Eye and Juanita, he dropped his blanket from his shoulders, stepped out into the water, which was at flood tide, and, raising his hand appealingly toward the sun, which had almost disappeared from view below the horizon of the Western coast, he exclaimed:

"Oh, God of the Great Sun! You have conquered poor old Peecheechee at last. I give you my life in atonement!"

Uttering these words, the old chief sprang into the bay. The sun sank from view, and the earth was in darkness. Only a low gurgle came from the waters, and the lovers fled from the spot.

WILL M. CLEMENS.

Dashaway—"Ah, General, just got back from your yachting cruise in the Mediterranean?"

The General—"Yes, sir; and we came near losing our lives, sir."

Dashaway—"Got caught in a gale?"

The General—"No, sir; worse than that, sir."

Dashaway—"Didn't get ashore or run on a rock, did you?"

The General—"No, sir; we ran out of whisky."

Dashaway—"Oh, thought you might have lost your centreboard!"

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

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ONCE A WEEK

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A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of ONCE A WEEK, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to ONCE A WEEK Library, the novels are secured, and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5,000 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

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THE HEART OF THE WORLD,

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THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE,

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS-
GRESSOR,

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING,

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For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It cures acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

THE COFFEE MILL.

THERE are many day-dawn fancies
That have oft been put in rhyme,
Of the merry matin music,
Of the birds' rustling branches
Of the pine trees' rustling branches
Stirring one from happy dreams,
But I dare to tax your patience
While I sing of homelier themes.
Sing of waking in the morning
When the house is very still,
To hear the coffee grinding
In the good old-fashioned mill.
Oh, I think there's nothing nicer
In the way of common sounds,
It suggests the amber liquid
Flowing hot, and free from grounds,
In the cup, where cream and sugar
Know their separate lives are done,
And forever more united
Melt together into one.
It suggests the pleasant potion
Which we dare to drink at will—
This sound of coffee grinding
In the good old-fashioned mill.
It suggests the cheerful meeting
Of the dear ones whom we prize,
And the thought that God has spared them
Through another glad sunrise.
Then we hear their ringing voices
Answering to the morning call,
And a fragrant smell comes stealing
Up the stairway, through the hall,
And we know that we must hurry
If our waiting place we'd fill,
For the coffee is all ready
That was grinding in the mill.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



THE *Macédoine* was founded in 1872. On the 5th of each month the members of the club meet at dinner. Carolus Duran, the founder of the society, presides, and is assisted by Jules Claretie, vice-president, and Eugène Pitou, secretary.

Look at the names of the members, and then you will be able to imagine how interesting it is to look down the dinner-table. Poets, painters, men of letters, scientists, politicians—all of them famous among the famous—the very *crème de la crème* of the intellect of France. Of painters there are Feven-Perrin, François, Henner, Kreyder, Lix, Sain; sculptors, Paul Dubois, Falguière, Mercié, Delaplanche; musicians, Masseret, Paladilhe; poets, Sully, Prudhomme, Paul Déroulède; scientists are represented by Pouchet; authors and critics by Charles Bigot, Jules Comte, Abraham Dreyfuss, Lafenestre, Armand Silvestre, Eugène Müntz; comedians, Coquelin, Jr., and Mounet-Sully; and a Government Minister. Although the personages mentioned are almost all of them famous in arms, in arts and song, they eat, drink, make jokes and conduct themselves very much as you and I do.

On the particular day of which I want to speak the *Macédoine* had assembled its members at the restaurant Grand-Véfour. As they were taking their seats at table one of their number glanced round, and immediately turned pale.

"What's amiss?" asked his neighbor.
"Have you counted?" was the reply, given in a suffocating voice.

"Yes, I've counted. This month we're only thirteen. But that's easily accounted for. In the first place the Easter Holidays, and then the weather is so fine that many are out of town."

"Thirteen! Thirteen!"

"Well, but really! You don't mean to say that—?"

"Yes, I do. I really can't help it. I do believe it."

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Pray don't unfold your serviettes. Our friend here is superstitious about the number thirteen."

"That idea is absolutely childish," insinuated Charles Bigot, slyly and mockingly. "It's true that once last year we were thirteen at dinner, and Ulmann, one of our number, was dead before the year was out—in fact, he was buried only six weeks ago. But, after all, it was nothing but a simple coincidence."

This reflection did not tend to allay the superstitious fears of the timid member, and every one felt himself called upon to make some proposition.

"Supposing we invite the landlord?"

"Let us ask a child in."

"Let one of us dine at a separate table."

"I will," said Eugène Pitou.

"Why?" asked Abraham Dreyfuss. "The one who is condemned to do that must be chosen by lot."

"Gentlemen," proposed Kreyder the Alsatian, the admirable flower painter, "we can do still better, and that without disturbing anybody. I suggest that we draw lots for the one who is to die during the ensuing year."

"Kreyder, none of your jokes. All opinions must be respected. We shall have to find a fourteenth. There is no other way out of the difficulty."

"If my chief was likely to be in his office I would telephone a formal invitation to him, but—"

"That's of no use," said Paul Déroulède. "Bigot and I will go round to the Palais-Royal. There is not much doubt we shall find some one who'll come."

So the two gentlemen set out to reconnoitre.

In order to pass the time some of the gentlemen began to give examples of the fatal influence of the number thirteen. All the waiters were grouped at one

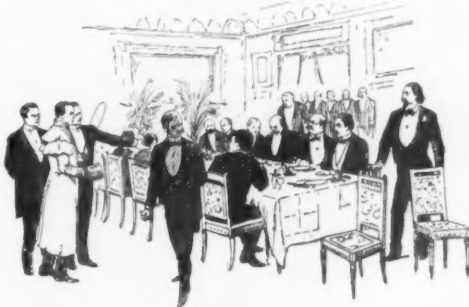
end of the room chatting quietly, and waiting for the signal to commence activities.

Ten minutes passed.
Then the door opened suddenly and Déroulède appeared with:

"Gentlemen, we have the honor to introduce to you a man who was so good-natured as to take pity on us. Under the circumstances he forgave the informal character of the invitation, and had the kindness to accept our petition graciously."

Cries of "Hurrah" rewarded Déroulède, and some were shouting "Bravo for Number Fourteen," when Number Fourteen was ushered in.

He was a hack-driver of the *Compagnie l'Urbaine*. His shoulders were covered with a white cloak, he fumbled his hat in his hands, and he was evidently very



HE WAS A HACK-DRIVER OF THE COMPAGNIE L'URBAINE.

nervous and ill at ease. He was not a bouncing, swaggering, assertive driver, but of the quiet, timid genus—one who would crack his whip as little as possible so as not to alarm his steed, and whose only object in life would be to be allowed to pass unobserved.

It would be impossible to describe the effect of the driver's entrance upon the faces of the men in the room. Some showed surprise, some a desire to laugh outright, others seemed uncertain what stand to take, while several of the waiters betrayed unmistakable dissatisfaction and contempt. They seemed to be asking themselves if the nobility of their calling would permit them to murmur respectfully in the ear of a common driver those august words:

"Chateau-Yquem or Clos-Vougeot?"
But the President, a perfect man of the world, received the newcomer with well-bred frankness and ease, and invited the guest of the evening to sit in the place of honor on his right.

The hack-driver, who was covered with confusion, bowed awkwardly, and took the seat indicated. It never entered his head that he was sitting on the right of a famous artist, on the other side of whom was a Minister. Such a thing could only happen in a republic.

This is what had happened:

When the two ambassadors were fairly launched on their search they found themselves, like Diogenes, much embarrassed. They did not know whom to invite. If they addressed the first passerby he might take it badly or think they were trying to hoax him. If, on the contrary, he accepted their invitation, they might find his company very objectionable, and he might be the sort of man who would abuse the generosity of those among whom Fate had kindly thrown him. The two friends were thus reflecting when they noticed hack No. 11415, from which three people had just got down and entered the theatre. At that moment Déroulède had a brilliant inspiration of genius—

"Driver, are you disengaged?"

"Yes, citizen."

"Then I'll engage you to dine with me. I engage you by the hour."

Upon hearing which the driver regarded the poet with a droll expression which seemed to say: "What's going to happen next, I wonder? The world's turning upside down. Here's a citizen venturing to make fun of a hack-driver."

"I'm in earnest," insisted the author of the "Chants du Soldat." "I want you to go about half a dozen steps from here into the Grand-Véfour; there are thirteen of us at table, you'll make the fourteenth. Our man will take care of your horse."

"Well, then, I'm your man."

And that is how and why driver No. 11415 of the *Compagnie l'Urbaine* sat on the right of Carolus Duran at the dinner of the *Macédoine*. The members of that club, however, had not yet learned of all the surprises which were in store for them.

The good fellow was settled—but not comfortably settled, as before said. The polite attention of which he was the object confused and harassed him, and his eyes showed considerable embarrassment. Besides, the names which he heard pronounced about him, and which certain involuntary movements of his showed were familiar to him, added to his discomfort.

"You are our guest. Won't you please make yourself comfortable," said Paul Déroulède. "You are completely smothered under your cloak and coat. Follow my example, and take them off." And saying these words Déroulède took off his coat.

When No. 11415 had removed his cloak and coat, and was in his hostler's vest, some one said to him:

"Do be natural. You surely don't think that we have invited you to make fun of you?"

The driver reflected for an instant, and then: "After all, why should you make fun of me? 'I come,' as Napoleon I said, when he stepped on board the 'Bellophon'—'I come like a modern Themistocles, to throw myself upon the good faith,' etc., etc."

At which the forks of those who were near enough to hear the remark remained midway between the plate and their destination; there was a general opening of eyes, and an astonished—"W—W—What?—What?—What did he say?"

The guest alone seemed unconscious of the effect he had produced. His neighbors filled his glass, attended to him carefully, in short overwhelmed him with attentions. At last he broke out:

"Really, gentlemen, really, you are too kind. I shall begin to have the illusions of the good peasant who rode *en croupe* behind Henry IV., for I am already beginning to wonder if it is not I who have the honor to preside here rather than the gentleman on my right."

This time the mouths of the diners remained open—the stupefaction was general and complete.

Until coffee came the driver was plied with questions. His replies were often pointed and witty—always apropos. In reply to some observation—I've quite forgotten what it was—he quoted a verse of four lines, so turning the last line as to make it particularly applicable. That was too much!

"He must be an old teacher!"

"He's a former priest!"

"Déroulède, you —, what's all this? You've tricked us. You disguised a member of the Academy and foisted him on us. It's clear as daylight."

But Déroulède declared that he was innocent; he knew no more than his confreres, but that it was quite possible that their guest was a disguised Academician. Whereupon No. Fourteen blushed slightly and said:

"No, gentlemen, really you do me too much honor. I am simply a hack-driver, and it's all that I'm good for. I've scarcely ever been at school. I began life as a baker, but I was so fond of an open-air life and of horses that I turned driver twenty years ago. Like all the natives of the Touraine, I am passionately fond of reading, and as I have plenty of time for it, I read whatever I can lay my hands on. I've such a good memory that I remember a great deal of what I read. I am very glad for it now, for it has helped me to feel not too much out of place in such distinguished company."

Cries of "Bravo!" resounded through the room, and Mounet-Sully, who sat on the right of the guest, rose, and although only just recovering from an attack of laryngitis, recited the two fine sonnets of Josephin Soulay—"Rêves Ambitieux," and "Deux Cortèges."

The driver, full of enthusiastic admiration, cried: "They are gems! They are gems!"

When the toasts were finished and the time came for the party to break up, it was with difficulty that the guest was persuaded to accept the twenty francs due to him. At first he declined, saying that he was sufficiently paid by the honor done to him, which he would never forget.

Every one shook hands with him cordially, and he left to take over his horse and conveyance, which had been in the care of a lackey from the Grand-Véfour.

I have not made a polished story; it is simply a true and correct account.

The thirteen members of the *Macédoine* were: A Minister, whose name I must withhold; Carolus Duran, Bigot, Paul and André Déroulède, Abraham Dreyfuss, Eugène Pitou, Kreyder, Mounet-Sully, Jules Comte, Edouard Sain, the painter; Paul Sedille, the architect, and Delaplanche, the sculptor.

The fourteenth was hack-driver No. 11415, of the *Compagnie l'Urbaine*, dépôt de l'Étoile.

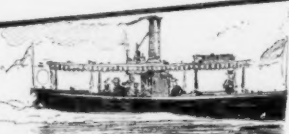
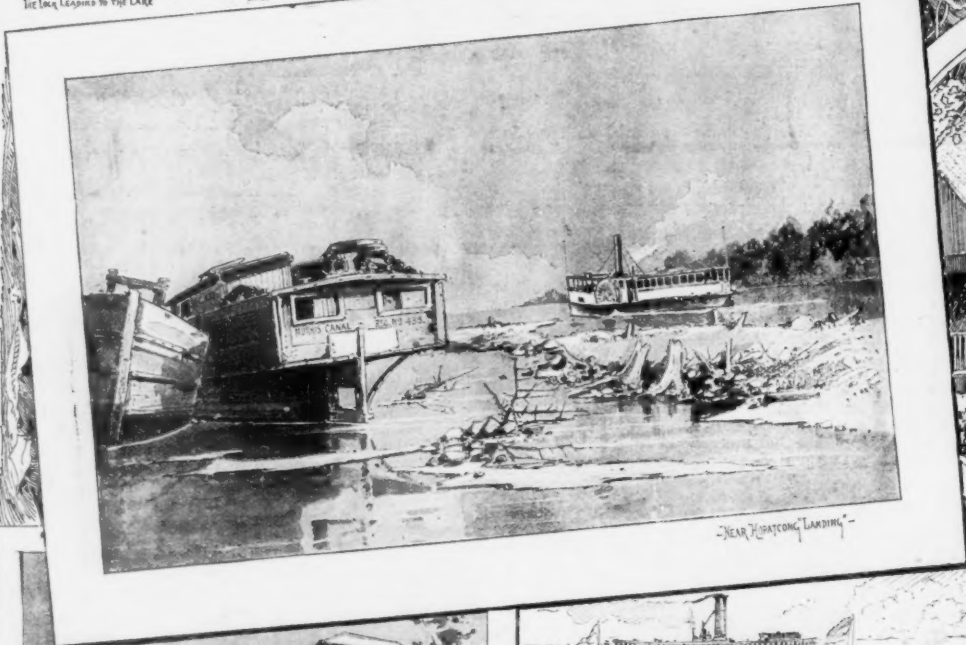
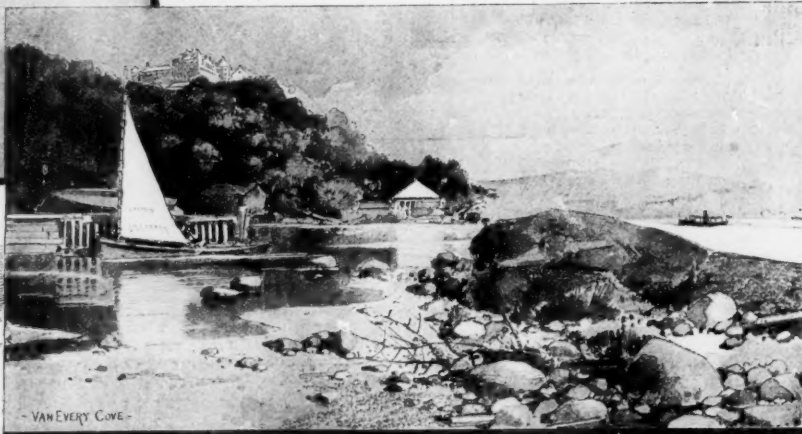
"UNDER SEALED ORDERS."

NIHILISM has furnished many good plots for plays and novels, and for a long time has been a favorite subject for the magazinist. It is no wonder, then, that one of the greatest of modern novelists, Mr. Grant Allen, has selected for the subject of his latest work of fiction a noble member of the great fraternity of Russian plotters against the hereditary government of the Czar. The proprietor of *ONCE A WEEK* has secured this splendid work for the series of semi-monthly novels given to regular subscribers for the weekly. No finer bit of work has come from the pen of Grant Allen. It is evidently the result of very deep study of Nihilism in its birthplace, and Mr. Allen's portraits seem to be copied from real martyrs to the cause of Russian emancipation from imperial sway. In Prince Ruric Brashof the reader will recognize one of the most original, interesting and dramatic characters in the whole range of fiction. Opposition to the Czar's rule is not confined to the dreamy students or the half-famished peasantry of Russia. Here and there a member of some powerful noble family, sometimes very nearly of royal blood, is seized with compassion for the sufferings of his less favored countrymen, and, scorning wealth and title, casts in his lot with the millions of oppressed. His dream is to lead and emancipate them, and, seeking the means, he finally falls among the wild, unreasoning Nihilists. He becomes bound to them soul and body, and soon finds himself doomed to an early grave in wild Siberia if he fails to escape to some part of Europe where he will be safe from the snares of the Czar's spies. Such a Nihilist is Grant Allen's Prince Ruric Brashof, whose life of intrigue and plotting in England furnish the author with a good store of most dramatic and telling situations. The book derives its curious title from the fact that a young lad is carefully educated by the Prince to assassinate the Czar. The youth's mind is saturated with Nihilism, and it is expected that at the proper moment he will obey the sealed orders, copies of which are in the hands of four other plotters sworn to put to death the unlucky youth should he fail to execute the terrible mandate of the order. This is as much as may be told about the story without spoiling the interest of the readers in the development of a most exciting plot. "Under Sealed Orders" will be published and sent to subscribers immediately after Rider Haggard's great story, "People of the Mist."

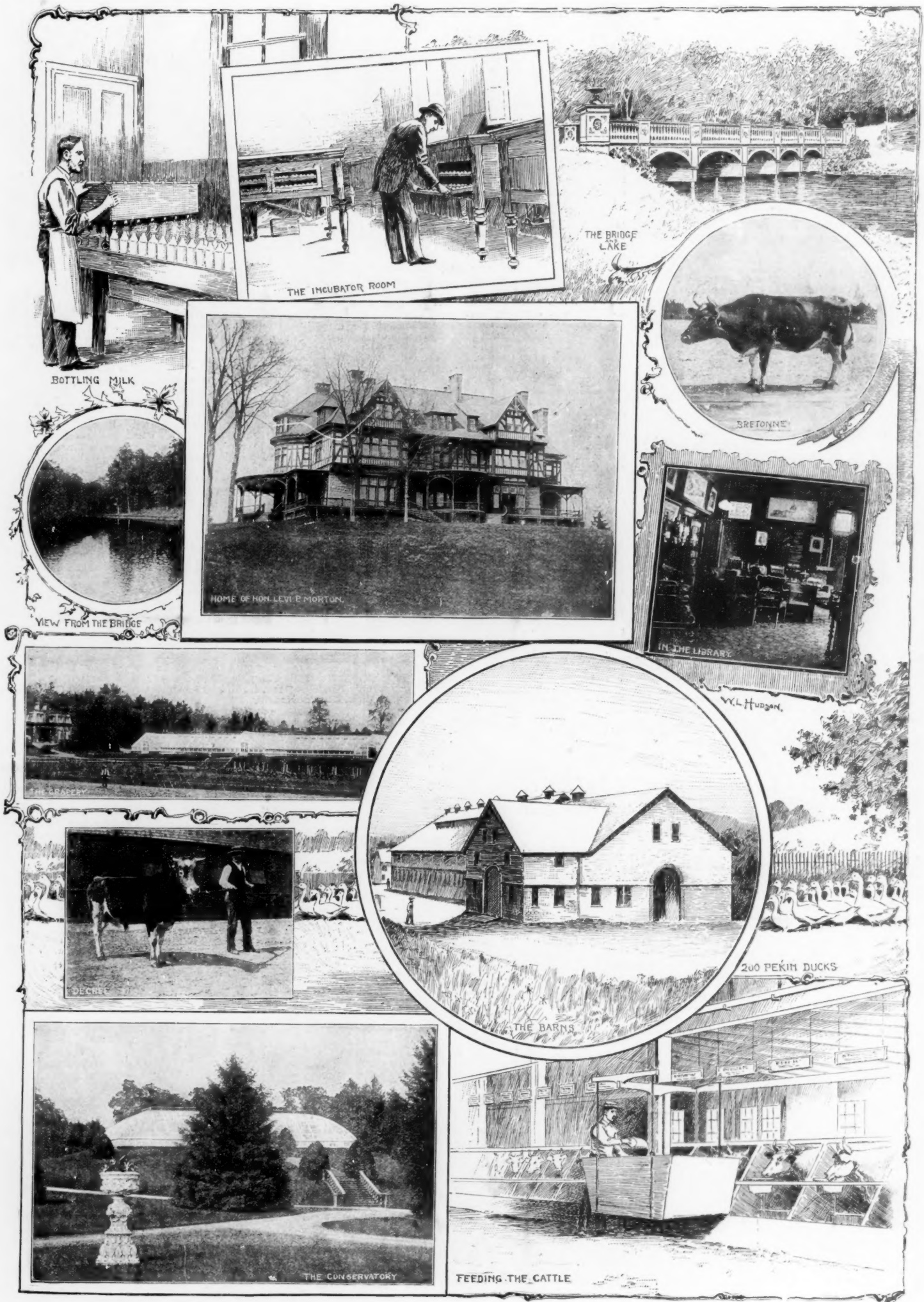
He who whistles at his work generally gives his wife a kiss at the door.

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PICTURES OF LAKE HOPATCONG (N. J.) AND ITS VICINITY.
(Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK by W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)



ELLERSLIE, THE COUNTRY HOME OF LEVI P. MORTON, AT RHINECLIFF-ON-HUDSON.

(See page 11.)

BOATING SONG.

The night wind blows—the night wind flows
From its fount in the fragrant West,
O'er a sea arill with the low delight
Of wave by the wind caressed.

Each sturdy sweep of the dripping oar
Breaks the dark tide silver lined;
We row with the melting wave before
And the liquid light behind.

A mystic moon sails the Autumn sky,
And the fleecy cloudlets show
The course she takes—they're the foam that breaks
From the beat of her silver prow.

Pull away with a will! How the muscles thrill
As we crisp the feathery shower
From the face of the deep with each rhythmic sweep,
Oh! the glorious sense of power!

See our Coxswain stand with the ropes in hand,
With her dark brown locks flung free—
With a joyous glance as our bows advance
And we leap o'er the rippling sea.

So may we brave Life's swelling wave
As we row to a distant land,
With Manhood's strength at the sweeping oar
And the helm in Woman's hand.

—ARTHUR GUITENAN.



Author of "Boots' Baby," "Beautiful Jim," "Only Human,"
"A Seventh Child," etc.

"That's for remembrance . . ."

"YOU'VE heard the news, of course?" said Chichester to a brother-officer whom he found in the ante-room.

"The news?" repeated Greville. "No, what news do you mean?"

"Poor old Gerard has taken a bad turn, and there is practically not the very smallest hope for him."

"You don't say so! Poor old Gerard, I'm sorry. And what about the child?"

"The child . . . Ah, that's more than I can say. She's there still, poor little soul, watching as if she could make things different, and looking—oh, well, you know what a twelve-year old child can look like when everything she most cares about is slipping away from her."

"Then you've been in to see him?" said Greville, in a tone of surprise.

"Not exactly that; but he asked for me, and Jervoise thought it would do him less harm to let him see me than it would do to thwart him, and, of course, he knew that I have no fear of typhoid whatever. All the same, it didn't do much good, for when I got there, the poor dear old fellow had gone off again, and didn't know me from Adam; so what he wanted me for I have not the ghost of a notion."

"Poor chap, I'm tremendously sorry," said Greville. "And I daresay he worries himself a good deal about Pussy. He hates all his own people like poison . . . they took it out of his wife so fearfully, you know. Poor little Pussy."

"Gerard made his will yesterday," said Chichester; "the Colonel told me so, though he had not the least idea of its contents. As far as that goes, Pussy will be well enough off, not rich, but with enough and to spare. Lucky thing there were not half a dozen of them."

"Yes, that's true . . . Hello, Jervoise, what's up?" asked Greville, as the senior regimental surgeon came bustling in.

"Chichester, my dear chap, can you come at once?" he replied, addressing him and taking no more notice of Greville than by a wave of the hand. "Gerard is asking for you most anxiously, and is quite himself again."

"Of course I'll come," returned Chichester.

Together the two men passed under the veranda of the messrooms, past the front of the officers' quarters, and out by a little side wicket into a quiet road leading to a pleasant village, from which the barracks took their name. In this road were three or four detached houses which were invariably occupied by married officers quartered at Blankhampton, and the two men turned in at the gate of the one which stood nearest to the barracks and entered the house.

All was hushed and quiet. They went softly up the stairs, and the older man turned in at the first door to which they came, followed closely by Chichester. As the doctor bent down over the bed, the dying man asked in a far-away yet very eager voice . . . "Has he come?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, he is here," the doctor replied, then stood aside that Chichester might take his place beside the bed.

Chichester took the dying man's feeble hand. "Gerard, dear old fellow, I'm awfully sorry to find you like this," he began, when the sick man interrupted him.

"All up with me, Chichester, all up with me. I did my best to fight through, for the sake of Pussy here, but it's no good. I'm booked for my last billet, no mistake about it."

"Oh, not so bad as that, surely," said Chichester, with the mistaken idea that the dying did not know when their time is come.

"Oh, yes, I've got my route, I know it. Still, what I want to see you for is about Pussy here . . . Chichester, I don't know what you'll say, for I've taken a most unwarrantable liberty with you . . ."

"My dear old chap," cried Chichester, "don't say that; anything that I can do to ease your mind, I will do with pleasure. You know that, surely, without my saying it in plain words. Why, I owe you far more than I can ever repay. But for you, Major, I should have gone to the devil long ago, and nobody knows it better than I do."

"I doubt it," returned the sick man, who was aimlessly moving his hands to and fro. "Still, if ever I did anything for you, I am going to ask you to do much more for me . . . Jervoise . . . can't you give me . . . some . . . thing . . . ? My head's going . . . again."

"Drink this," replied the doctor, slipping his arm under Gerard's head and holding a glass to his lips. "There, that is better?"

"Thanks. Yes, that helps me. Well, Chichester, to be brief, I have left you sole guardian and trustee to Pussy," and then he stopped short, trying with his fast dimming eyes to see the effect that his words would have upon his junior.

Chichester started visibly. "You've left Pussy to me, Major," he repeated.

"You'll not refuse to act, you'll not let me go feeling uncertain about her?" cried the sick man imploringly.

"Certainly not, sir, of course not. Only, do you think your choice is a wise one . . . I mean for Pussy's own sake? Ought you not to have chosen a married man . . . I mean do you think that I shall be able to do as you would wish by her?"

"Chichester, I have done this thing with my eyes wide open," Major Gerard replied, in quite a firm voice. "I am sure that you will do your best and that you will bring my girl up as I would have done if it had pleased God to spare me, and that is as a soldier's child. I don't expect you, of course, to burden yourself with her all the year round . . . she will have to go to school, and perhaps you will be able to arrange with some suitable lady where she may spend her holidays . . . My poor little girl, it will be very different for you . . ."

The child, who was cowering by the bed, gave a strangled cry and hid her face against her father's arm, and Chichester hastened to take his hand. "So help me God, Major, Pussy shall not miss you more than I can help," he cried earnestly. "She shall have her holidays, and I'll take care she gets as good a time as she can do without you, if the worst should happen, which, please Heaven, it may not do."

"Thank you, dear lad, thank you," said the Major, with a tender smile overspreading his worn features. "But there's something else I must say . . . and I'm so tired, so tired. Just this, you will remember that my own people behaved vilely to my darling wife, my Pussy's mother, that I have never allowed any communication between them, and that my last wish was that she should have naught to do with them at all. Not out of spite . . . I'm too near heaven for that . . . but because I want to guard my little girl from troubles that can be avoided."

"Major," said Chichester, in a choking voice, "Heaven help me, I will take care of Pussy as if she were my own. Pussy and I have always been the best of friends; and we won't be worse friends now that we shall have to work together than we have been, will we, Pussy?"

But Pussy did not, could not reply, and the sick man laid his hand upon her head with a tenderness which brought a white mist in front of Chichester's eyes, and which made him echo and register the good resolve anew deep down in his own heart.

And a few hours later, in those quiet watches of the night when so many wandering souls go home at the turn of the tide, Philip Gerard died, leaving his little Pussy alone, quite alone in the world.

CHAPTER II.

IN the little world which was called the 10th Dragoons, the news that Major Gerard had left his little motherless daughter to the sole guardianship of an unmarried man, fell like a bomb-shell. Among the several married ladies of the regiment there was much discussion and not a little back-biting. The first lady of them was exceedingly indignant and expressed herself on the matter in no measured terms.

"I regard it as a direct and personal insult to myself," she remarked to her husband. "Yes, John, I do really. I do think Major Gerard might, at least, have paid me the compliment of inquiring whether I should be willing to undertake the responsibility or not."

"But you neither could nor would have taken the child," said the Colonel, who, if the truth be told, was devoutly thankful that his wife and he had not been chosen as Pussy's guardians. "You know, Agnes, if poor Gerard had happened to ask us, it would have been very awkward to refuse him, on his death-bed as he was. I think you ought to be most grateful to him for not wanting you to do it. And really, you would not have liked it if he had passed you by and had gone and picked out one of the other ladies—you would have right to be upset in that case."

"But an unmarried man—and Captain Chichester not much over thirty," Mrs. Wilcox objected.

"Oh, well, poor Gerard did what he thought was for the best, and, after all, it was his business, not ours. Best to say as little as possible about it."

Mrs. Wilcox, however, although she preserved a discreet silence to her lord and master, discussed the matter freely with the others, though as it was one which could not be altered, they might have employed their time better.

And all the time that the various grades in the 10th were talking the whole affair over, while the dead man was still lying in the little villa just outside the barracks, Barry Chichester was followed morning, noon and night by the awful and overwhelming sense of his new responsibilities. For hours and hours he sat in his quarters wondering what in the world he should do with his little ward. Whether he soldiered or walked, or rode or drove, this new feeling was always with him, like a nightmare or an indigestion—What in the wide world was he to do with a girl-child of twelve years old, heart-sick and wretched for the loss of a beloved father, and practically without kith and kin?

As a matter of fact, Chichester himself was but very poorly off for feminine relatives. His mother had long been dead, and though he had two sisters, both charming young women under thirty years old, he might at this juncture well have been without them, for both were married, and not only married but to Service men, and both happened to be out in India, and were likely to be there for some time to come. True, he did possess a maiden aunt somewhere in the West country; but as he had feeling recollections of that same lady connected with the days of his own youth, when his parents had been in India also, he did not contemplate for a moment the possibility of enlisting her help in the matter of making the best arrangements for Major Gerard's child. No, look at it as he would, it was clear that to properly carry out the poor Major's trust he would have to depend upon himself and upon himself alone, and, therefore, arduous and responsible as his position undoubtedly was, there was no choice for him but to, as he put it, buckle to and get to understand everything that a girl of twelve years old ought to have provided for her.

It was with this idea firmly fixed in his mind that, the day after the Major's death, he went to the closely shut house and asked to see Pussy's governess. She came to him immediately—a pleasant, lady-like woman of about his own age. "You would like to see Pussy?" she said at once.

"In a minute or two," he replied. "The fact is, Miss Donne, I came to see you. You perhaps know that I am left sole guardian and trustee to Pussy, and between ourselves, I can only say that I hope the poor Major has done right in choosing me. I'll do my best, but I know simply nothing of a child's needs or what is best for her to do."

"It is simple enough," said Miss Donne quietly. "Yes, for any one who understands," he broke in eagerly. "But to me it is more complex and complicated than I can express. Now, for one thing, she will have to have mourning."

"Well, I have ordered that already," said Miss Donne. "Yes, I know that I had no authority, but the poor child must have mourning, and I knew that her guardian would not object to its being ordered."

"That's a relief," exclaimed Chichester fervently. He sat still for a few minutes, and then he burst out with a new idea. "Look here, Miss Donne," he said eagerly, "there's no particular hurry, is there? Could not things go on for a few weeks as they are, until I get a bit used to it all? You can stay with her here, and as this house is actually in occupation, you and she may as well stop here as be elsewhere."

"For a while," Miss Donne replied. "On the whole I don't know if that would not help to break her in to the idea of living without her father. Of course, poor darling, she feels her loss terribly, and already she looks forward with the utmost dread to the life which lies before her, without her father and without any of the associations which have up to the present time been her whole existence."

"Then we can leave everything as it is for the present," said Chichester, with a great sigh of relief. "By the bye, would she like to see me, do you think? Poor little Pussy, we have always been such friends."

"Yes, I think she would like to see you," said the governess. "She has seen Mrs. Wilcox this morning, but she upset her altogether, and I promised her I would not allow her to see her again. If you will excuse me, I will fetch her."

"Don't let her come unless she feels like seeing me herself," was Chichester's last injunction, as the governess left the room.

Pussy, however, came to him almost immediately, and at the sight of him, began crying piteously in a way which made him feel as if he had personally done something to hurt her. Man-like, he took refuge in tenderness. "My poor little woman, my poor little Pussy-cat," he murmured, putting his kind arm round her and holding her closely to him. He had been used to calling her Pussy-cat in the old happy days ere this dark pall of sorrow and bereavement had fallen over her, and he called her by the old tender name now, with a sort of instinct which made him feel, somehow, that anything which would make her feel less alone would be a help to her in this the most grievous trouble of her young life.

And Pussy rested her aching head against his shoulder and sobbed her very heart out, and so the two sat on the sofa together until the child was calmer and quiet, if the truth be told, worn out by the violence of her grief. At last she spoke again. "You don't know what it is," she said, looking up at him with a pair of wistful blue eyes, dark and heavy with unshed tears. "You can't understand. But to be all alone for ever and ever . . . with nothing to look forward to, to have to go away from every one that I know and to go to strangers . . . oh, it is too dreadful! And I want dear father so badly; I've been wanting him all the morning. Yet he was here only yesterday; and if I want him so badly after one day, what shall I feel like when years have gone by and he has never come back?"

"My dear child," said Chichester, still keeping her fast within the shelter of his arm, "believe me, that I, too, know just what it is to feel as you are feeling now. I was two years younger than you when my people went to India, and I never saw my mother again. I remember, as if it had been but yesterday, how I wanted my mother always, for days and days, and months and months; and then they came and told me that she was dead, and that I should never see her again, and I had no one to go to, except the school matron, who was an ignorant woman and no notion of comforting me except by giving me things to eat. I did not care a hang what I had to eat, but I did want my mother—you understand, Pussy, just as you are wanting the Major now."

The child had drawn herself a little away from him and was looking hard at him with her wonderful pa-

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

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thetic eyes; then, by that curious woman's instinct which is so firmly implanted in the feminine breast, no matter how young the little creature may be, she protectively took hold of his hand and held it between her own, as if she would like to keep him from feeling that kind of pain again forever. "And afterward?" she asked, scarcely above a whisper.

"My dear Pussy," said Chichester, in his kindest tones, "I got used to it. Every day I felt the pain less and less, though I never loved my mother less. Nobody goes on feeling just the same grief—it would not be natural, it would not be right. In time, you will get to miss the Major less . . . and, you know, he would wish you to do so. Nothing would be so likely to make him unhappy where he is, as to know that you were grieving and repining always for him. Though, just at first, it is natural, and is better for you than silence."

"But I shall have to go to school," she cried. "And father hated schools; he used to say that he would never let me go to a school, for they were horrid and detestable. So I shall have to go to a quite different life to what he always intended. I dread it, Captain Chichester, oh! you do not know how much."

For a moment Chichester was possessed of a wild wish that he was married, that his sisters were living in England, that even his maiden aunt was a bright and genial woman who could be trusted with this terrible yet precious responsibility of his. "Pussy, my dear little woman," he said awkwardly, "there is no need to hurry. You are very fond of Miss Donne—she seems a nice, kind sort of a soul."

"Miss Donne is a dear—I love her," cried Pussy with enthusiasm. "And dear father thought her quite charming. He always said that she reminded him of my mother." Her eyes filled again with tears, and Chichester broke in so as to avert the storm of grief which he saw was coming.

"Well, my child, since Miss Donne was your father's choice, we shall certainly be doing all right if we let things rest as they are for the present. So don't fret about going to the school yet a while; I will talk the whole business over with Miss Donne, and, meanwhile, we will see how we get on."

"We shall always get on," declared Pussy with conviction. "And Captain Chichester, indeed I won't be any more trouble to you than I can help."

"What put it into your head that you would be a trouble to me at all, Pussy?" asked Chichester, his brows drawing themselves together in a very decided frown.

"Well, it was Mary," confessed Pussy. "I heard her saying to Fox this morning that she should think you were finely put out that father had made you my guardian, and then she said that it wasn't likely a young unmarried man would want to be troubled with the charge of a mere child like me."

"And Mary is—" Chichester began.
"Mary is the housemaid," answered Pussy.
"Oh, I see. Well, Pussy, my dear little woman, I won't say that I would not rather you had had some nice kind aunt to whom you could have been left safely; but, as it is, we have just got to make the best of it—you and I. And I think we shall be able to manage our affairs without Mary's valuable help. So don't let her wise remarks stay in your head for a moment."

(Continued in our next.)



A KOREAN PALACE.

A GENERAL impression prevails in America that Korea is so simple, so guileless, so patient a nation that China has easily kept an iron heel upon her, standing ready to rob her whenever the favorable moment should arrive.

But foreigners residing in China hold different views. To them Korea has always appeared a miserable, hopeless and shifty nation, not on account of poverty of country, but because of the flagrant dishonesty of Government. The King has always been lacking in the slightest conception of honor in regard to meeting public liabilities, while the officials have looked upon strangers, whether Chinese or Westerns as fit subjects for spoliation.

During two or three hundred years, quite up to the present time, Pekin has made numerous loans to Korea to enable her to tide over famine, or war, or difficulty. These have, in no case, ever been repaid; and as China has always solved the question of claims by making a formal gift, it is not altogether surprising that Korea should be regarded by China as her vassal. It is one of Korea's prominent traits, never to pay her creditors, such a course being unknown in her history.

However, for one of the King's huge plunders, the one that was perpetrated for the building of a new palace, all travelers that find themselves in Seoul should feel leniency, since it has left the old palace park a unique pleasure ground for visitors. It is hedged about still with a certain amount of exclusion, as no one can enter there without a permit from Court; but, although this can be procured from one's own Legation without much difficulty, it will, doubtless, for many reasons, be a long time before tourists will be frequently encountered in the royal compound.

Korea holds very few rewards for the attention of the tourist, but her peculiarities are so intensely individual they are thoroughly diverting to a stranger. The people themselves are far from attractive, though they have good points. The women of the upper classes are rarely seen—they are as secluded as Chinese women of corresponding rank. The men are of tall stature, fine bearing, and have very beautiful teeth, and wear their long, easy robes most gracefully. The peasantry is the

dirtiest in the world, but amiability prevails in that class as much as among the poor laborers of Japan. The faces have a smiling look, and a street fight, an unhappy child, or a fretful mother is never seen. The Korean peasantry surpasses the world in ugly women, too. They are hags. Youth not even seems to have whispered itself to them, but to have forever passed them by. They are hospitable and good-natured always, but hags nevertheless.

But the neglected condition of the villages, the haggishness of the women shrink out of sight before the pleasure and admiration we must feel when, after a long, tedious journey in a sedan chair over the steep breaks and deep gullies of the road from the seacoast to the capital, the wall of Seoul first comes into view; its time-worn, crumbling crenate edges tenderly caressed with clinging vines, and the massive, Moorish-like gates swinging open for our entrance. But we must reach them before sunset, for then they are closed, and no matter how slightly we are belated, they will not open again until a solemn bell resounds through the weird city like a tocsin, just before the coming of the dawn. This has been the custom for many centuries, yet there is not the least scrap of an inn in the outlying suburbs; therefore, to be unpunctual, is to spend the night in the open air.

Seoul is called the "City of the Seven Gates," and each one of the gates is known by a name as poetical as that beautiful, wider one for all Korea—"The Land of the Morning Calm."

The wall of Seoul is about thirty feet high; and, although rifted here and there sufficiently to permit leopards and tigers to leap through and prowl into unguarded compounds, it still bears the semblance of defense. There remains, as well, the walk around the parapet, which is not as broad and impressive as the parapet of the impregnable Tartar wall of Pekin, but very romantic and picturesque.

The streets of Seoul are as narrow, as filthy and as smelly as those of a crowded peasant village, with the one exception of the broad thoroughfare leading to the New Palace. Yet it is unlike a country village—in the prevalence of tiled roofs, as the buildings of the compounds of the Korean nobility are always tiled instead of thatched.

The oldest royal palace in Seoul is the Mulberry Palace. It has been deserted as a residence for hundreds of years; but a fine audience hall is still in a state of excellent preservation, the Queen's apartments remain intact, and the grounds are very lovely and interesting, though not more than a hundred acres in extent.

The style of the architecture is similar to that of the palaces more lately built—the same tiled gateways, the same quaintly crumpled roofs—but the decoration is less elaborate, and, while the buildings are as large as the modern ones, the collection is smaller. The houses of Koreans, whether of high or low degree, vary but a trifle in size and plan; but the compound of a wealthy merchant or of a nobleman will contain many houses—guest houses, servant houses, and secretaries' offices—his wealth and station being indicated by the number of buildings in his compound, not by the size of them.

The old palace, known as the "Summer Palace," was deserted comparatively recently. Not many years ago, during a revolutionary riot in Seoul, a large number of lives were lost; the King narrowly escaped death, and the Queen was hidden in an apartment that could not have afforded a very calm retreat, judging by the bullet-holes which, to this day, tell a tale of infuriated excitement. Peace was soon restored—for Korean riots are evanescent affairs—but the Queen was never again happy in this palace. She imagined that the spirits of the killed haunted all the place, and so a new palace, the one now occupied as the royal residence, was built.

A lovelier park cannot be found anywhere than that of the old summer palace. It is scattered with large forest trees; the downs are covered in the springtime with brilliant masses of wild flowers; and it has a background of mountains, some near and vivid, others fainter and more purple in the greater distance.

We enter the palace grounds through gateways that are smaller copies of the city gates; we pass within one enclosure after another, of tiled walks and dividing barriers of business offices, custodians' houses and game-keepers' lodges built contiguously; we intrude our curiosity into the majesty of the audience hall, containing nothing save a dilapidated suggestion of a throne; we admire the summer-houses which, in their rich coloring of decoration, seem like transplanted bits of the Alhambra, and tread with eager interest the rambling passages, inspect the low rooms, and peer into the secret closet that shielded the Queen in her danger; and at last we reach the gem of all the park—the Queen's own little palace, from which she made her escape in time to elude her frenzied pursuers.

This has two stories, an extraordinary innovation for Korea, yet it is a mere cottage, notwithstanding. The building itself is very desolate now; the time-worn bamboo screens, breaking away from the veranda eaves, flap mournfully in the breeze; and in the interior there is no trace of the former royal occupant, excepting on a beautiful embroidered folding screen. But the terraced gardens, the broad, shallow steps leading from one grassy bank to another, the carved marble balustrades, the lotus ponds—all these are more charming in their luxuriant, tangled neglect than they could ever be under constant, pruning care.

There lurks in the old palace grounds one rather hideous possibility. Wild beasts hide sometimes in the unused kangas, and they are liable to leap out, an unpleasant surprise. When I visited this garden of delight I went as the guest of the American Minister. There were five in the party, each in a sedan chair, and this lengthy array was preceded and followed by a dozen native soldiers from the Legation guards. That seemed very safe, not to say imposing. These sons of Mars were in ostentatiously close attendance upon us until we reached the little palace of the Queen, when one of our party, who had been a hunter in dark jungles and in pale ice-fields, fancied that he saw evidences of a leopard in hiding in the old kang. When his surmises were proved to be correct, he looked around for the body-guard, but they had vanished at the first intimation of danger. The leopard did not deign to leave his retreat, which was tremendously good of him, for we did not see our valiant defenders again until we were

outside the palace wall, where we found them in the safe companionship of the chair-bearers.—(See page 4.)
ALETHE LOWBER CRAIG.

ELLERSLIE.

THE RURAL HOME OF EX-VICE PRESIDENT MORTON.

THE recent nomination of ex-Vice-President Levi P. Morton for Governor of the Empire State makes everything pertaining to him of particular interest just now. There can be no better time than the present for us to visit Ellerslie, the beautiful country seat near Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson, where the ex-Vice-President finds rest from the tedious routine consequent on his active political life. To reach this quiet retreat, one must leave the station at Rhinecliff and drive about two miles south over a country road. This is lined with occasional farmhouses during the first mile, after which it runs through a wooded solitude, in the depths of which is a wide-open gate, silently welcoming the visitor to Ellerslie. A few moments' drive and the woods are left behind, while we follow the roadway over a level stretch of lawn, with greenhouses and laden grape trellises on either hand. At the end of a shady lane we come upon another lawn dotted with flower-beds, and across this is the substantial stone and frame mansion that Mr. Morton calls home.

It is a double house with a great, broad hallway, handsomely decorated and sumptuously furnished throughout. Costly bric-a-brac, rich rugs and divans greet the eye on every side. The elaborate design of the stairway is worthy of mention. To the right of the hall are two superb drawing-rooms; to the left, Mr. Morton's library and private study. But there is too little space here for a detailed description of the house, of which the reader can get a good general idea from the illustrations on another page.

Some little distance off are several great barn-like structures. These are the farm buildings, only more substantial and costly than those generally devoted to such use. The Western soil-tiller would doubtless view them with wide-open eyes. The farming here is under the superintendence of H. M. Cotterell, most of whose time is devoted to the dairy and poultry yard. There are over a hundred cows in the dairy, more than half of them belonging to the celebrated Guernsey breed. A small board at the head of each stall bears the pedigree of its occupant. One of these cows, "Bretonne," has a national reputation. She produced six tons of milk last year, five and one-half per cent of which was butter. In another stall is the Guernsey bull "Devere," a prize-winner at many cattle shows. The herd is carefully tended. Through the drinking trough in each stall runs a constant stream of water, fresh from an artesian well. Three hundred and fifty tons of hay fill the lofts above, and the front of the barn is occupied by machinery used for cutting fodder, grinding corn and conveying the prepared food to the hundred and sixty-five different cattle stalls.

Near by is the creamery, with its improved machinery for bottling milk and making butter. The latter product all goes to the capacious pantry of the Union League Club in New York, while the milk is sold in nearer towns.

The poultry house contains no less than five thousand chickens of all sorts and conditions, divided into flocks of fifty, each flock having a yard of its own. But this is not all, for in the basement are thirteen incubators holding four thousand one hundred and sixty eggs, eighty per cent of which hatch. The chicks would multiply too fast if they were all kept, and most of them are sent to smart hotels in New York when they have reached the broiling age. There is a separate room for picking and dressing in the poultry house. Two hundred white Pekin ducks are quartered in a branch poultry yard of several acres, through which a pretty creek meanders.

When we return to the house, we find that the rarest treat of all has been reserved for the last. That is an inspection of the conservatories, which are under the care of Thomas Harrison, an English horticulturist. It were useless to attempt to name the almost countless varieties of beautiful plants and flowers, gathered from every corner of the globe. Suffice it to say that there is a palm house, a rose house, a carnation house, a violet house, a propagating house, and others. Remember that each is fragrant and beautiful with a profusion of perfect specimens, and you will have some faint idea of the treat that awaits the visitor to Ellerslie—the rare treat that is reserved for the last.—(See page 9.)

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EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

ELABORATE hand-made trimmings are a distinctive feature of the newest French gowns. Hand labor is very cheap in Paris, and embroideries, braiding and appliqué can be done here that would add excessively to the cost of a gown in America. However, those who have time and clever fingers can always accomplish similar results. No work could be daintier. Imagine a sleeveless jacket covered with an embroidery of iridescent beads done on black net; or a cloth bolero with an all-over design done on it in gold thread. A



jetted belt, choker and high cuffs give distinction to the simplest gown. Braided panels are very modish, and are done entirely by hand. A tiny gold thread often follows the pattern with the braid. A novel trimming that I have seen on several very stunning fall gowns is of cloth or kid, cut out in foliage designs, showing a lining of a different color. Each leaf is buttonholed stitched or outlined with a tiny cord. This trimming I saw most effectively used on a reception gown of gray moire silk. The skirt was arranged in deep, tube-like folds in the back. To keep each fold distinct and in shape to the bottom of the skirt, a hair pad about as large as a candle was inserted at the top. The front of the skirt had a panel on each side, about six inches wide at the top and narrowing to a point at the hem. These panels were of smooth black cloth, with a foliage design cut out of it, and fell loosely over a pink silk lining. Each leaf was edged with a tiny silver cord and the panels were bordered with a knife plaiting of pink mousseline de soie. The bodice had a bolero of the cut black cloth, similarly edged and showing a soft blouse front of pink mousseline de soie. Over the bolero was a second shorter jacket of the gray silk with wide revers flaring out over the shoulders. The sleeves were of pink silk and tight-fitting, but there was a full oversleeve to the elbow of the black cloth, showing through the cut design the contour of the arm in the pink undersleeve.

A winter suit by Felix shows some novel features. The tan cloth skirt is plaited in the back and finished at the bottom with several rows of stitching. The upper part of the skirt, almost to the knees, is of red Scotch plaid velvet, meeting the tan cloth in Vandyke points, which are heavily stitched. The skirt is finished simply with a cord. The bodice is of the plaid velvet, cut bias. The tan cloth sleeves turn up at the wrist with a stitched cuff, and the full upper sleeves end at the elbow with similar cuff. A very swagger coat accompanied this gown. It is of the tan cloth, falling to the knees in two

box-plaits, front and back. A collar flares out under the chin, lined with sable, and sable bands extend down each side of the front. The tops of the sleeves are very large and are of the sable; and sable bands about the armholes extend down to the waistline in a point, holding the cloth in at the sides. There is also a V of the fur extending down the middle of the back between the box-plaits.

An elaborate carriage gown by Worth is of pale green moire silk and geranium pink cloth. It is cut to show the Princess effect in front, and fits exquisitely over the hips. There are three pointed panels of pink cloth embroidered in gold, starting at the bust and reaching to the knees, arrowing at the waistline. In the back are three similar panels, but they fall

peau by Virot is of a bright shade of geranium pink velvet in the shape of a tiny ruffled Tam-o-Shanter. The brim is covered with a narrow accordion-plaiting of black mousseline de soie. A fan-shaped rosette of the same, held by an old silver dagger, turns up the brim at the back, and a black ostrich tip, standing out from the middle of the tulle, curls over the crown. With this hat is a tiny shoulder cape of pink velvet, ruffled to the shoulders and cut in points edged with a narrow accordion-plaiting of black mousseline de soie. The high collar stands about the ears in a pretty ruffle lined with small black ostrich tips, and is confined about the throat by a dog-collar of old silver. A rose velvet muff completes the set. This is shaped like a huge butterfly with

crown is gathered into a strip of Japanese embroidery in dull blue and silver. The edge is finished with a full double frill, which forms the brim of the hat. Black ostrich tips and loops of olive green ribbon constitute the trimming. The pretty collarette is composed of alternate rosettes of pink chiffon—four in number—and loops of ribbon on a ribbon foundation. On the centre figure is a hat of green beaver felt with a cleft brim bor-



loose at the waistline, hanging over the fullness in the skirt. There is a double collar, the under one of dark green velvet and the upper one and choker of the gold embroidered cloth. There is a crush belt of the green velvet. The green moire sleeves are very full from elbow to shoulder, with vertical bands of embroidered pink cloth over them; and a twist of green velvet finishes the waist.

I have seen this week some exquisite designs for fall and winter millinery. Illusion and tulle will be very largely used, accordion-plaited, or in choux, and combined with ostrich plumes. A black beaver is effectively trimmed with choux of white tulle and a fan-shaped bunch of small ostrich feathers. A very chic cha-

silver body. At the sides, the hands are thrust through rows and rows of black mousseline de soie plaitings, and ruffled ends of the same hang down each side.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

FOUR very modish, and at the same time quaintly picturesque, costumes are shown on this page. The first is distinguished by a *collet* composed of straw-colored gauze, with a yoke of guipure and a big bow of white satin ribbon. The shape recommends itself to the woman who hankers after the effect of a small waist, the width of the shoulders being so great as to make the hugest waist look small by comparison. The gown to the right is done in satin foulard, patterned with a flower design in red. The guipure plastron is white, the sleeves and bodice of folded chiffon, and the satin waistband black. The third gown is a charming creation in *voile* of the blue faience shade. The ribbon belt is striped black and white, and the white lace gives a *chic* finish to the whole. The last gown is of fine black gauze over pink taffetas, the satin ribbon employed for trimming being of the same color as the *jupe*.

Some distinctive specimens of fall millinery and styles in neckwear seen at Lord & Taylor's are reproduced. The first hat, large to extreme, is done in *bleuet* velvet, trimmed with a large bow and rosette of sash ribbon matching in shade. The crown is low, and a number of large black ostrich tips are fastened to it and brought drooping over the broad brim. The first hat in the group is of olive green velvet; the low Tam-o-Shanter

dered on the under side with a *bouillonné* of black velvet. A jeweled band encircles the low crown, toward the front of which three blackbirds are arranged in an upright position. A black velvet bow finishes the back. The collarette is of chiffon. The third figure wears a smart little turban of black woven braid with big outstanding bows of black and white striped satin ribbon passed through two jet crescents in the front. Two full rosettes of rose-colored satin ribbon and two blackbirds adorn the back. The chiffon *tour de cou* is gathered into two full loops, and boasts besides two smaller rosettes and two gathered tabs.

The coats and wraps for autumn wear are a joy to behold. A double cape of tan Melton cloth, such as is shown in the cut, is a desirable novelty. The two capes



are bound with an inch band of the goods, stitched on with raw edges. The corners of the upper cape are rounded and a border of the goods stitched on in a pretty design. The collar and the tiny pocket flaps on the lower cape are of brown velvet bound with a border of the cloth. A heavy gold link chain fastens the cape at the neck. The stylish coat shown is also of Melton cloth. It fits easily and is of new cut, showing less fullness over the hips than last year's coats. The side darts run into the arm's eye, the coat fastening over the left one and on the shoulder. All the seams are bound with an inch-and-a-half strip of the goods stitched four times. Very large white pearl buttons give the coat a distinguished appearance.



WHAT OUR SUBSCRIBERS SAY.

We have been taking your paper since February and find it equal to most of the American periodicals published. Rider Haggard's last novel, "Nada the Lily," is most excellent. You have my best wishes for the continued prosperity of ONCE A WEEK.—EVELYN M. STATHEM, New Orleans, La.

I am well pleased with your paper, and more so with your premium book called "Capitals of the Globe." Wishing your paper success in the future I remain,
Yours,
W. P. PEARSON, Owosso, Mich.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK":

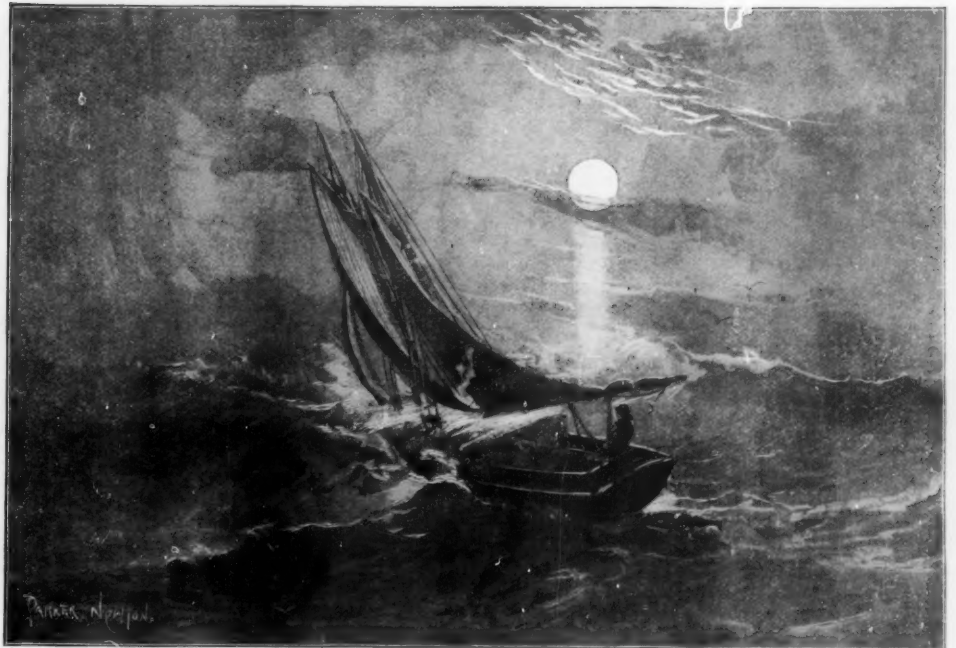
Having noticed the heading in ONCE A WEEK—How Subscribers Like It—kindly allow me to express my appreciation of your valuable paper and the novels. I have had from your Philadelphia office your Shakespeare, eight volumes; Dickens, six volumes; Washington Irving's and Carleton's works. They are great and cheap works, and no library is complete without them. My wife and I are ardent admirers of ONCE A WEEK and the novels, and think the writings of Rider Haggard and Darley Dale second to none.—WASHINGTON H. WOOLLEY, 2839 Kensington Avenue, Philadelphia.

I have now taken ONCE A WEEK for nearly five years. All I can say is, I have never yet regretted being a subscriber for it. To quote a poet—"What is home without the ONCE A WEEK?" A blank! A desert! Best wishes. Respectfully, J. M. SCHWALOR, Chicago, Ill.

We have been subscribers to ONCE A WEEK for several years already, and we think it is a very useful and good paper for every family to have.—RICHARD BUHLER, Arlington Heights, Hamilton County, O.

I have been a subscriber for the ONCE A WEEK for two years, and like it as well as any paper that I receive. I indorse ONCE A WEEK's answer to James Condon Lawless, about Uncle Sam's new shirt. The people (especially the Southern people) are sick of this Tariff discussion. With best wishes to ONCE A WEEK, and may its brilliant editor continue to stand for the right, I am,
OSCAR A. GROSS, Corsicana, Tex.

I desire to let you know that I am both surprised and pleased to find that such an influential publication as ONCE A WEEK has been on the side of the workingman during the present and late deplorable struggles between Capital and Labor. At the same time you do not antagonize the employers. It is a great pity a few more large papers are not as fair-minded as ONCE A WEEK.—A. E. WELCH, London, Canada.



CAPTAIN FREITSCH CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN THE "NINA."

I have subscribed for your paper for the past two years, and can answer you that I very much admire the stand you take in all great political questions of the day.—THOS. H. BROWNE, Spokane, Wash.

Captain Freitsch's own hands at a cost of three hundred dollars. She is flat-bottomed and draws two feet of water; is forty-seven feet long over all, and has a beam width of nine and a half feet.

Despite adverse winds, the springing of a leak and an injury to her rudder, the "Nina" made the trip in thirty-eight days, truly remarkable time for such a craft. Captain Freitsch astounded the seafaring world by his feat.

CAPTAIN FREITSCH'S HAZARDOUS VOYAGE.

LAST week I commented on the successful termination of Captain Adolph Freitsch's hazardous voyage across the Atlantic in the tiny schooner "Nina." The accompanying picture will give readers of ONCE A WEEK a good idea of the little bark. She is what is called a schooner-rigged Fairhaven sharpie, and was built by

JUDGE JOSEPH MCGUIRE.

EX-CIVIL JUSTICE JOSEPH MCGUIRE, who died on the 13th inst. at his home, 306 West Eighty-sixth Street, after only a few days' illness, was a type of the useful, unobtrusive citizen who is better known for private deeds of benevolence and modest efforts for the general weal than for conspicuous public services. During his brief service on the Bench he was an upright judge. But he was better known as a patriotic Irish-American citizen of unswerving devotion to the Catholic faith, and always ready to contribute from his purse or per-



IS FURTHER CURTAILMENT WANTED?

Tailor Cleveland—"IT ISN'T REALLY SHORT ENOUGH YET, UNCLE SAM. JUST LET ME TAKE IT ALL OFF FOR YOU."



THE LATE JUDGE JOSEPH MCGUIRE.

sonal effort in behalf of the unfortunate. He was one of the most zealous of the managers of the R. C. Orphan Asylum, and had earned the love and respect of all his associates. His funeral took place at the Cathedral, which was well filled, and numbered among the mourners hundreds of the poor little male and female orphans who had felt the great kindness of their dead protector. Among the pallbearers were Messrs. Robert Hoguet, John D. Crimmins, T. B. Connery, Chief Justice Daly, of the Court of Common Pleas, Bryan Lawrence, M. P. Breslin, George B. Coleman and C. S. Halliday. Judge McGuire leaves a widow, one daughter and three sons. The eldest of the latter, Mr. Joseph McGuire, is a very promising young architect who won high honors during his years at the Paris *Beaux Arts*.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Simkins—"That sounds like the devil—"
Stranger—"Sir, that is my daughter singing!"
Simkins (quickly)—"As I was about to say, the developed and matured vocalization of a Patti."



J. P. H., New Orleans.—You were born under the sign Leo, and are ruled by the Sun. You should be stout, broad-shouldered, with brown hair and gray eyes; ambitious and aspiring, bold, firm, and generous; would make a good chemist or doctor. All of your planets are in the West, setting; this argues a good many sorrows and trials; but the latter years of your life will be comparatively prosperous and contented. You are very likely to have gained by legacy, or by marriage, or both. As to marriage, while you would have some troubles in courtship, and might make more than one engagement, you would marry a woman described as of middle height, compact and well formed, with dark complexion, brown eyes and dark hair; disposition good, generous and firm. There would be a good deal of misfortune connected with the marriage. You have signs that you would not be fortunate with your children, of which you would have three or four, mostly girls. The planet Venus holds the house of children, and is afflicted by Mars, Neptune and Herschel. Your own health would be somewhat afflicted by severe colds and asthma; and you would have some trouble with your lower limbs; but you will have a long life. You have a taste for music and the other arts; you are a good business man; you would be fortunate also in either science or art, and in religion. You would even be likely to meet with preferment in these directions. You probably had financial troubles and worries, and some sickness, for several years after 1888; especially in the spring of 1893, and in the spring of 1894, and also since July 20 of the same year. The early part of 1896 has an evil aspect, which may, however, be modified by certain favorable ones. After 1898 matters will be more favorable for a while.



Lulu W., N. Y.—You were born with the sign Pisces rising, and Venus in the Ascendant, with the Sun and Mars near conjunction just above the horizon. This configuration would make you rather short, inclined to become stout, with light hair and blue eyes; Mars in the ascendant would give you a scar or mark on the face. Your disposition would be generally good, with occasional sharp fits of passion, which would not last long; and you would have a good deal of firmness and courage. You should have a very bright intellect, inclined to sarcasm and sharpness, but with special adaptability to the arts and to literature; and you probably have musical talent. You are fond of dress, prone to be careless with your money, but are never likely to be in want. In fact, you have the best aspects for success in life, and even prominence, either in social or other circles, according as you cultivate your talents. Although born on St. Valentine's Day, you are not likely to marry very young; hardly before you are twenty-seven. Your husband is described as of medium height, well formed, inclined to stoutness, sandy or light hair, sanguine complexion. He will be a man of a good deal of determination, fond of controversy and argument, not easy to manage. You will do better to marry another who will offer: a tall, fine-looking man, well built, with brown hair and sanguine complexion; in disposition obliging, somewhat reserved, but not easily offended. Your health should be generally good, but you are very liable to accidents, and should run no risks. You have had few evil periods; they were at 2, between 4 and 5, and at 8-9, 10, 14-15, 17, and in 1894; they may have been accidents, sickness, bereavement, loss of any kind. Probably you met with



Our Astrologer

some trouble near the beginning of August this year. Saturn in the Mid-Heaven indicates the early loss of your mother. There is nothing serious before you, always barring accidents. It should be said that there is a very original and erratic side to you, and that you will meet with many strange and unexpected incidents during your life.

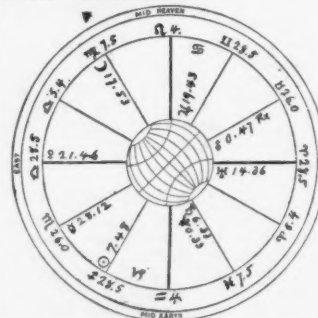


M. R., Victoria.—You were born with the sign Virgo rising—with the Moon; and Herschel, Saturn and Neptune setting. You are of middle stature, pale complexion, dark hair, full face; interested in study into out-of-the-way things, witty, and clever. You are fond of society, especially of the opposite sex, interested in literature, fond of traveling, rather original in your ideas on religion; brave and generous. You possess good abilities, but are apt to be sarcastic, and will be likely to make enemies among your own sex. You should be quite well off, financially, or could easily become so, if you engaged in any vocation whose patrons were of your own sex; and you will undoubtedly be in good circumstances in the latter part of your life. You would hardly be likely to marry; though you probably were engaged, or intending marriage, at 22 and 25; but if you married, the union would not be happy, and you would have no children that would live. You have a good deal of vivacity, and are active and somewhat unstable; you should be a good linguist, if you tried. You are not unlikely to have had a tendency to sleep-walking, and very vivid dreams. Probably you have a birthmark near the region of the heart. You had important periods for your health, or fortune, at 14, 19, 21, and in the autumn of 1873, and beginning of 1877 and 1880. Since July, 1894, you have met with some serious event, but there seems to be nothing unfortunate near you in the future.

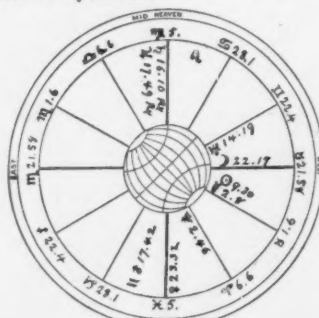


Adolph Oppermann, Auburn, Neb.—You were born in the year of the great conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in the sign Capricornus, which took place just five months prior to your birth; and has been considered, Astrologically, the greatest event of modern times. It was particularly important for you, as you have both planets in your Mid-Heaven, and still within the immediate influence of the conjunction. As you have the Sun and Mars rising, and the former going to the opposition of the Moon, which occurred on the day following that of your birth, you certainly were born under a most remarkable configuration. There could be no doubt of your rising to eminence in your vocation. And as you have Mercury as your ruler, in company with Venus, the former being in good aspect with Herschel and Mars, your vocation would be that of a physician. You would, however, gain more from practice and experience than you would from books; and, as you have the Moon in the Seventh House, unafflicted, you would be sure to be successful with the public, and to gain a large and remunerative practice; and the sun in the "House of Fortune" also shows that you would make much money—though you would

be lavish in its expenditure. You have a great deal of courage and force of character, and are a quick and generally accurate observer. You should be fond of science and the arts, and possess some mechanical skill. You are of medium height, inclined to be stout, round face, sanguine complexion, gray or blue eyes, probably brown hair, when younger. Your health would be generally good, but you would suffer from dizziness, headaches, and rush of blood; also from throat troubles, and possibly glandular swellings. You have doubtless a birthmark or scar on the head or face; and a mole, or other mark, on the arms or shoulders. If you take care of yourself, and don't get in a passion frequently, you should live long; and it is very likely you will perform some literary work during the latter part of your life. Excepting that you will be liable to bladder or kidney disease, from November next until the latter part of 1896, there is nothing serious near you; and that you can guard against or take care of. It is quite likely you never married, or not until late; if you did, your wife would be short and dark.

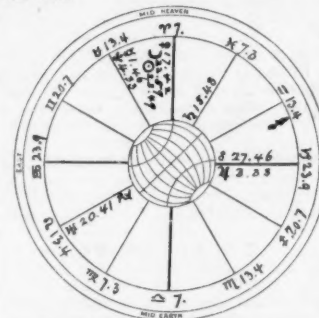


O. J. P., Detroit.—You were born with Venus rising in her own sign, Libra, and should be of good height, with sanguine complexion, brown hair, and gray or blue eyes. You are good tempered, ambitious, fond of society and the opposite sex, and should have a taste for music and the arts. You would be an ambitious business man, quick at figures, studious and comprehensive. You would be likely to take an interest in religion, and in public affairs—where you would meet with bitter enemies. You have, altogether, a very well-balanced nature—as people born under Libra (the "scales") generally have. You will observe, too, that the planets are very thoroughly scattered over your Horoscope. You would be likely to get on unfavorably with women, and are not promised a happy marriage; if you married, it would be a woman of your own type. You should be prosperous, and have a good deal of success in your undertakings—except political. Your health also should be generally good, though you have probably had some illness this summer. Any financial worries that you may have had for the past year or two, or may continue to have, you may ascribe to the passage of Saturn through your Ascendant and "House of Fortune," if that is any comfort; you may have such worries, of more or less importance, for two or three years to come—after which all seems clear before you. You are likely to have observed the influence of the numbers 9 and 11 in your life.



C. L. S., Kansas.—You were born with the sign Scorpio rising, and Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction in the Mid-Heaven. You would be of medium height, dark complexion, and gray eyes; inclined to be stout. You should certainly meet with some signal success in life, and advancement to high position; for which, moreover, you would be well fitted; but you are not less certain to be opposed by powerful antagonists, and to have periods of serious financial trouble; you will note this specially in 1896. You are likely to have trouble with your kindred

and neighbors, and traveling by rail will be not without danger for you. As to your health, you will be subject to liver and throat troubles; and you probably have weakness of sight, or some affliction of the eyes, and a tendency to bladder and kidney trouble. You need, also, to guard against accidents, as you were born in a sign of which Mars is ruler; accidents from horses, especially. It is very doubtful if you marry; if you did, your wife would be rather short and stout, good complexion, light-brown hair, round face, and blue eyes; a very pleasant disposition, but the marriage would not turn out well.



T. Q., Baltimore.—This young man was born to a career—of some sort—quite unlike the ordinary. Whether it shall prove satisfactory or not, will depend upon his education and training. While he has the major planets in the best possible places for health and prosperity, their aspects toward each other are so mixed that he may either turn out a pronounced success, or a colossal failure. He would be very likely to occupy, at some time, a government position; and, as he has excellent intellectual abilities, and good judgment, he ought to do well in some such vocation; but he will be likely to have trouble with his superiors, and to meet with sudden and unexpected misfortunes. He should be of medium height, with a round face, light-brown hair, light complexion, constitution not very strong. Still, his health is strongly protected, and may be sustained, even under severe strain. With the Sun and Moon in conjunction, in the Mid-Heaven, and in a commanding sign, he should inevitably come to be a leader or director of large affairs—whether in business or political. He will be unfortunate in his relations with the multitude, however, and unsuccessful in partnership. He will probably marry, at the age of twenty-four, a young lady described as of middle stature, slender, with good complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. The union will prove to have been a mistake. He had evil periods at 2-3, 6-8, 13-14 years of age, and a special one at the end of July and beginning of August, which should have produced continued evil ever since. He will not get away from this evil aspect much before his next birthday; after which period he will have smooth sailing for several years.

The greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined **ONCE A WEEK** to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the *coupons* printed in each issue of **ONCE A WEEK** and sending it to this office, with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have published a brief *Nativity* and a *Chart of the Heavens* at the time of birth. Comply absolutely with the directions: write with ink, and plainly; in giving birth-hour, state if A.M. or P.M. No attention will be paid to *responses* not correctly filled. Address "Astrological Department; **ONCE A WEEK**."



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BY "A BLUE APRON."

PRESERVED CUCUMBERS: A GERMAN RECIPE.—Take as many medium-sized cucumbers as you wish and pare and slice them as if for a salad. Then well salt them, and after leaving them in the salt for a few hours, the salt and liquid are squeezed out of them with a clean white cloth. Next take a quantity of finely-cut onions and pepper-corns and mix them well into the cucumber. Put the whole into a large stone jar and pour over it the best white wine vinegar, and on the top two inches of good salad oil. Cover the top of the jar with a bladder. During the whole winter the cucumber remains fresh and good. When necessary, add a little more vinegar, and always leave two inches of oil at the top. Cucumber salad made from this recipe may be enjoyed all winter, and will be found equal to the fresh vegetable.

MACEDOINE OF FRUIT.—Take any fruit, such as bananas (peeled and broken in pieces), cherries, raspberries, strawberries, grapes, peaches or apricots (in quarters), pineapple, etc., and arrange in a china bowl. Boil twelve ounces of loaf sugar with one and one-half pint of water until of the consistency of thin cream. Strain it. Add a small glass of sherry and a few drops of liquid rouge or cochineal, and pour over the fruit. Set on ice or in a cool place until required.

CREAM WITH APPLES.—Peel and mince six russet apples; fry them for a few moments in butter in a thin sautoir, until they are soft, but do not let them melt; sweeten to taste. Make a pint of cream sauce, with milk, cream, eggs, etc., thickening with crumbled lady's-fingers. Strain it through a fine sieve and place it in a saucepan; then heat slightly over a slow fire, stirring the while. Mix the apples with the cream and pour all into a deep china baking dish; place in a slow oven and let cook for three-quarters of an hour. Sift fine sugar over the surface just before serving; then remove from the oven and send to table in the same dish.

CYCLING CAUSERIE.

WHILE there still remain several weeks in which the devotees of the wheel may take a daily spin, yet the bicycling season, as far as the sport is concerned, is virtually over. The closing events were watched at Springfield last week, and the greatest cycling carnival of the season was the general verdict.

Springfield has always been noted for its fine race track and the good men who annually compete there. It is the Mecca of cyclists, and it is not surprising, therefore, that fifteen thousand visitors should pour into the pretty little city to see the battle between the giants, as far as the wheel is concerned, waged. Men met on the track at this time who have heretofore remained strangers. It was the first real meeting between the representative riders of America for the season, and the results of those races, while surprising to many, cannot but win admiration for all who competed, for they were bitterly fought all the way through, and the victories were heartily deserved.

In summing-up the work done it might be well to first pick out the man who performed the greatest feat during the races. That man is Eddie C. Bald, a very clever and popular young rider from Buffalo. Eddie Bald, for America, established a record that will be hard for any country to follow. In a competition mile race he won cleanly from such riders as Walter C. Sanger, the promising champion; John S. Johnson, now a prominent record holder; Julian P. Bliss, the "mid-get," who holds the flying start mile record; Fred J. Titus, the long-distance

rider, and many others. All of these were boomed as winners, but before the stockily built young Easterner they all had to give way. He defeated them all, riding a mile in 2:05 2-5—the most meritorious performance of the season.

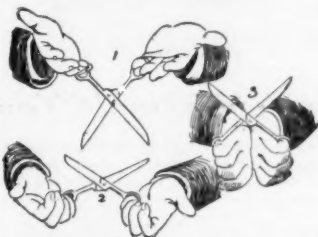
It would, indeed, be hard to describe the scene that ensued as this race was won. The mighty grand stand with one accord arose and cheered loudly and long the new champion; the bleachers echoed the shouts, while even the riders themselves, who were not in the race, gave vent to a cheer that must have filled the heart of the young rider with pride. The race throughout had been most exciting, especially during the homestretch, when it was narrowed down to a contest between Sanger, who is a heavily built young athlete, and Bald, who looked like a pigmy when compared.

Just as the turn into the homestretch was made Sanger had the lead, but his little rival was close on his heels, and as they both cleared the corners the race and struggle commenced. Slowly but surely the Buffalonian was gaining, but the "big fellow" did not know it. Finally he realized that Bald was up with him, and with an almost superhuman effort he shot out, but he could not shake the little fellow, who hung on like a demon. Faster and faster they came, and, as Bald described the effort afterward, "I saw a mighty throng ready to cheer the victor, and I was determined to be the favored one. I bent my head down, and with all the strength in my limbs I forced my wheel up; and now that I was even with him I felt more confident, and with another effort I landed ahead of him. Now I knew that the race was mine if I could keep up, and again did I try to bring my strength to bear upon the pedals, and was successful, for I landed my wheel away ahead of Sanger's, and the next thing I knew I was in the arms of my friends and being cheered by thousands."

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A SCISSORS PUZZLE.

Pass the little fingers through the handles of a large pair of scissors, keeping the fingers forward, the palms of the hands turned upward, and the points of the scissors downward, as indicated in Fig. 1 of the accompanying illustration. By a slight movement of the two hands, send the points forward, and keeping up the movement, let them revolve until they face your breast, as in Fig. 2. Now place your hands back to back, and continuing the revolving movement in the



same direction, send the points back toward the spectators; then finally raising them upward—that is to say, in a position the opposite of the one represented in Fig. 1, and similar to that shown in Fig. 3.

If you try this experiment without following the directions given here, you will be astonished to find that you invariably arrive at this result: the hands will come back to back, but the points of the scissors turn downward when they should be pointing upward, and you will be unable to alter that position of the scissors without disengaging your two hands. Ask any one present to try the experiment, the result will always be the same. In order to succeed, you have but to take a simple precaution as follows: The moment the points of the scissors point to your breast, as in Fig. 2, take care to introduce through the handles only the last joint of the little fingers. This will permit the scissors to describe a complete revolution between the palms of the hands and the tips of the fingers. Then, placing the hands back to back, you will find that the scissors will go on executing a rotatory movement without further hitch or hindrance.

"THE NEW BOY."

THERE was a fair audience at the Standard Theatre on the 17th inst. to judge of "The New Boy," a farcical comedy in three acts by Arthur Law. The idea of the play is evidently borrowed from Anstey's *Vice Versa* the boy being in fact a man, and a married man in the bargain. Mr. Willis Searle, in the title role, kept his audience highly amused. The play generally has the merit of being short and sufficiently amusing to keep the audience in good humor until the final drop of the curtain.

CHESS AND CHECKERS.

STEINITZ VS. LASKER.

MR. STEINITZ sends us the following: "Instead of fulfilling an engagement of honor, Mr. Lasker intends to traverse the globe as champion, open to exhibition and other professional engagements whenever offered, holding meanwhile, at his own pleasure, title of champion, until he shall be taken with a 'determination' to return to this country. Now, meantime, chess masters like Gunsberg, Tarrasch, Tchigorin and Walbrodt, who are notoriously in the field as rivals for the championship, are ruled out of the race, and may accept with 'the best possible grace' the position of second-class players. If Mr. Lasker considers such a proposition fair or even honest, I do not, if only on the ground that those masters might justly claim that they could have beaten me at least as easily as Mr. Lasker did, if I could not play any better than in the last match. "But this matter has also another aspect. The champion can claim no other privilege than that of being entitled to a challenge on fair terms, if any one wants to play with him. Once this is done, the rivals stand on a perfectly even footing in their rights, and in reputation, until one is beaten. Mr. Lasker does not deny that my terms are fair, including the notice for beginning the match. However, he has formed his determination of a tour around the world. But I can claim the same rights of circumnavigation on his return, and thus we might tour the world forever, . . . leaving other masters to form an admiration society of the combination which, by mutual agreement, would thus hold the champion title in sections."

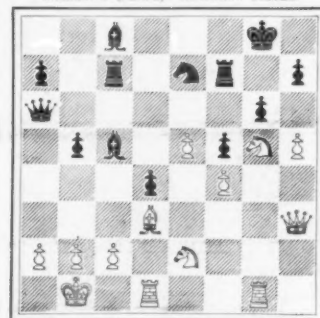
THE GERMAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The sixth game in the Tarrasch vs. Walbrodt match opened with the "French Defense," which resulted in an interesting game, won by Dr. Tarrasch in forty-five moves.

SIXTH GAME—FRENCH DEFENSE.

WHITE (Tarrasch.)	BLACK (Walbrodt.)	WHITE (Tarrasch.)	BLACK (Walbrodt.)
1 P-K4	P-K3	13 K-Kt	P-Q5 (7)
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	14 Q-Kt-K2	P-Q4 (d)
3 Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	15 Kt-KB3	R-Kt
4 B-Kt5	K-K2	16 P-Kt4	R-Kt3 (e)
5 B x Kt	B x B	17 K-RKt	R-Kt2
6 P-K5	B-K2	18 Kt-Kt5	P-Kt3 (f)
7 Q-Kt4	Castles (a)	19 P x P	K-P x P
8 B-Q3	P-KB4	20 Q-Kt2	Kt-K2 (g)
9 Q-R3	P-B4	21 P-KR4	Q-R3
10 P x P	K-B3	22 P-R5	R-QB2
11 P-B4	B x P	23 Q-R3	R-KB2 (h)
12 Castles (b)	Q-R4 (c)		

POSITION AFTER BLACK'S TWENTY-THIRD MOVE. WALBRODT (BLACK)—THIRTEEN PIECES.



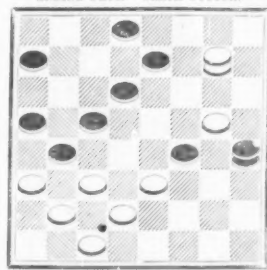
TARRASCH (WHITE)—THIRTEEN PIECES.

24 P x P	P x P	33 P-K6 ch	K-B3 (j)
25 R-R (i)	K-B	34 Kt x P ch	K-Kt2
26 Kt x R	K x Kt	35 Kt x Q	Kt-P-R
27 Q-R7 ch	K-B	36 Q-K5	B-B3 (k)
28 Q-R6 ch	K-K	37 Kt-Q6 ch	K-R
29 Q-R8 ch	K-Q2	38 R x Kt	B x Kt
30 P-B3	B-Kt2	39 Q x Q and black resigned after forty-five moves.	
31 R-R7	B-Q4		
32 P-Kt3	Q-R4		

NOTES BY MR. GUNSBURG.

- Extremely risky. If, on the other hand, Black continues P-Kt3 instead, White obtains a ready attack with 8 P-KR4.
- Preparing for a direct attack on the King.
- The attempt at a counter-demonstration beginning with this move shows poor judgment. The position is one where defense, and not defiance, is necessary for some time at least.
- If Kt-Kt5, 15 Kt-B, and if then Kt x B, 16 Kt x Kt and Black would not have bettered his position.
- Pure waste of time. He should at once have moved to Kt2.
- P-KR3 is not altogether satisfactory, but it nevertheless seems better than the text move.
- Shutting out the Q-R from the defense, Kt-Kt5 would, however, have been equally bad, for White could then proceed with 21 P-Q R3, Kt x B; 22 R x B, followed later by R-R3.
- Forced. White threatened to win the Q by 24 P x P, Q x P (best); 25, Kt-KB3.
- Pursuing the enemy with relentless vigor.
- If K x P White wins a piece by 34, Q-K5 ch, K-Q2; 35, R x B ch, R x R; 36, Q x B ch, and if B x P; 34, Kt x P winning.
- This loses a piece, but it could not be saved.
- As good as anything else, except immediate resignation, which, on the whole, would have been more dignified.

CHECKER PROBLEM—BY E. W. CROWELL. ENDING FROM "BLACK DOCTOR."



White to move and win.

IN MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT's pleasant little book, entitled "The Friendship of Nature," this charming legend is given: "Do you know the tale of the months—the ancient Bohemian legend—how by a fire which never goes out sit twelve silent men, each with a staff in his hand? The cloaks of three are white as snow, and three are green like the spring willow, and three are gold as the ripened grain, and three are blood-red like wine. The fire that never fails is the sun; the silent men are the months of the year. Each in his turn stirs the fire with his staff; for each has his office, and if one month should sleep and a turn be made amiss, then the snow would fall, bringing blight in spring, or drought would sere the harvest."

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—Miranda Goiton—"That's just it! How—how can I find a husband who is able to sew buttons on, and cook, and mind the—the—oh!" (Weeps.)

Johnny—"Pap, is a man born in Poland a Pole?"

Father—"Yes, my son."

Johnny—"Well, then, is a man born in Holland a Hole?"

Folks who wear glass eyes shouldn't throw glances.

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 TOMMY—"All right. Come round to ter barn ter-night. We're going ter play a moonlight crime, and we want yer to stick yer head over the fence—"
 TUBBY—"What for?"
 TOMMY—"The moon."

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